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**1945**



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# VOX FLUMINIS

RIVERBEND SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

WINNIPEG ♡ CANADA



## *Dedication*



To Mr. G. H. Aikins, K.C., the 1945 edition of Vox Fluminis is gratefully dedicated.

### **RIVERBEND**

The war in Europe is over. What a long time it has been—so long indeed that many of the girls of Riverbend would scarce remember the days before it commenced. During all that time, Miss Carter and a loyal staff have given to Riverbend without stint a great service and leadership.

Now, what of the future?

In Germany for many years in all schoolrooms and educational institutions youth was taught principles of violence and aggression, the might of the strong to dominate the weak, that the teachings and leadership of Christ were not for their nation but only for the weak and feeble minded, that the Sermon on the Mount was but idle chatter. What this world has been suffering under and fighting against is just this gross materialism come to its full grown consequences.

The German beast lies crushed—Japan, that cruel, and treacherous murderer, must inevitably be taught that violence does not pay.

As we look forward to peace in this troubled world we must seek a peace that will justify the great sacrifices made to achieve it. That peace, and the freedoms and liberties that we cherish and the happiness we desire for ourselves and our children and succeeding generations, can rest only on the

firm foundations of Christian ideals and enlightened and understanding minds.

Here, then, is the great mission and responsibility of our educational centres. Those who have watched the growth and development of Riverbend have reason to be proud of the contribution she has so far made and of her already rich endowment in the hundreds of young people who have worked and played in her kindly atmosphere and have passed through her doors to further education or other duties in life. We have unbounded faith in her future. Political parties, Governments and their policies will change with the times but the backbone of Canada and its social structure is, and will continue to be, the Christian home, howsoever humble, the family altar and the family fireside where happiness and contentment are to be found.

Where better can these things be nurtured and developed than in the environment of Riverbend and with the understanding guidance of Miss Carter and her associates. They will confidently meet the challenge to educate and train girls who will cherish these ideals, who will make such homes and who to the extent of their varying aptitudes will radiate a friendly personality to the enrichment of those around them and of themselves.

Sincerely,  
G. H. AIKINS, K.C.

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Staff Advisor .....	MISS D. BAKER	Literary .....	JOCELYN WILLIAMS
Editor .....	MARIANNE SAUNDERS	Assistant .....	VIRGINIA McMILLAN
Assistant .....	ELLEN KINNEARD	Activities .....	MARION ANDERSON
Business .....	BETTY LOU ALLEN	Sports .....	ISOBEL SLATER
Advertising .....	SHIRLEY DAWSON	Humour .....	JANE BULL
Assistant .....	DONNA STEPHENSON	Photography .....	ANN GUTHRIE

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*Editorial*

This year Riverbend has unofficially adopted as her motto, "Ad Meliora", a phrase which those of you who are avid Latin students will recognize at once as meaning "To Better Things". With these words in mind we have endeavoured to produce a magazine which would be an exemplification of our motto, and we have introduced several changes into the composition of Vox Fluminis which we hope have helped to streamline and perfect our year-book.

Vox Fluminis is representative of all that Riverbend has undertaken and accomplished throughout the past year. When read by those within the school it summarizes all the events in which they have participated and serves as a happy reminder of numerous enjoyable activities. To those outside the school it is an expression of Riverbend's desire and her ability to reach ahead "to better things".

However, unless each individual student accepts the magazine as partly her own responsibility, Vox Fluminis cannot represent Riverbend as a whole. It then necessarily reflects the ideas, efforts, and abilities of only a few, and consequently cannot be what its name signifies—the strong, forceful "voice of the river". We of the editorial staff are merely a small ripple of that river and it is impossible for us to make or mar your magazine. It is your material, your contributions, and your efforts which constitute Vox Fluminis, and which present to its readers the final, complete picture. Therefore let us, one and all, continually endeavour to improve our year-book in the future, that we may truthfully say, "This is the Voice of the River".

To those students who have so willingly co-operated in making this magazine what it is, and to Miss Baker in particular, whose generous help and guidance is most thoroughly appreciated, we give our sincerest thanks. To those who succeed us in the organizing of future editions of Vox Fluminis we offer our best wishes, along with the confidence that they will derive as much pleasure from it as we have, and the belief that they will carry with them always, as we shall, our motto, "Ad Meliora".





### *Principal's Letter*

My Dear Girls:

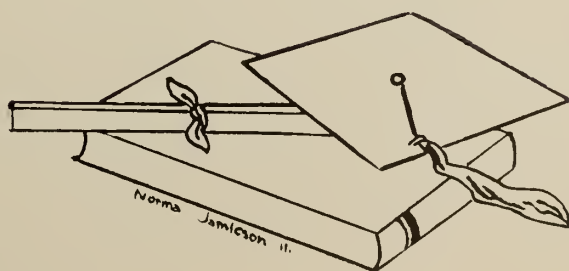
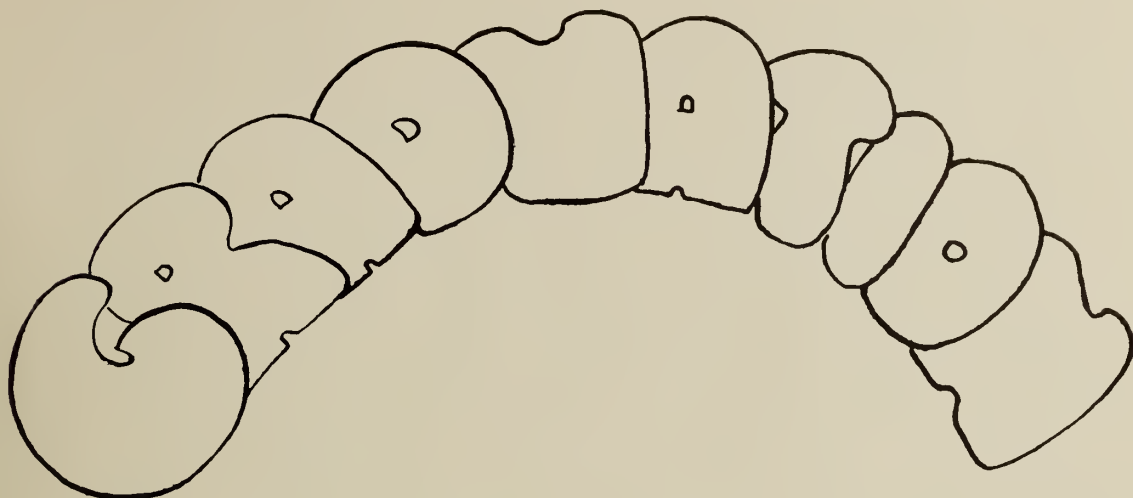
As you know, Riverbend School for Girls opened its doors in September, 1929. It started with a good enrolment, an excellent staff, a lovely location, a smart uniform in the two blues and a crest showing the river with the initials R. S. in the school colours. In 1930 the new building was added, and in 1933 the three Houses, Douglas, Garry and York were inaugurated (Nelson came into being in 1937). Our school colours were in 1937 changed to grey and scarlet and a new crest which shows the river in the background, with the white pillars of the house and a seagull superimposed. In all these changes we have never had a school motto. We never seemed to be able to find just the right one; but now we think we have found it, and I hope that each one of you will take it for her own. "Ad Meliora". To Latin students, this, of course, needs no explanation, and non-Latin students will, I am sure, be content with knowing that it means—To Better Things.

We are living in a century upset by a people who were obsessed by the idea of greater, mightier things for themselves without any regard for the suffering this ambition would bring on the rest of the world. In these days of the world's agony there has risen a host of great men who have given of their best to try to build a better world for future generations. We have great statesmen, great soldiers, sailors and airmen of all ranks and great citizens all striving toward the goal of "better things". Each one of you has her little bit to do in making this world a better place to live in. For this reason, I think our new motto takes on additional significance. Strive always for better things—not more, not greater, not richer, but better—try to make each day better than the previous one, better not only for yourselves but for all around you. If you do this, you will be living up to our motto "Ad Meliora".

With best wishes to you all,

Yours affectionately,

*J May Carter*





JANE BULL

## Our Head Girl

Jane Bull, who has been Head Girl of Riverbend for the year 1944-45, came to us from Robert H. Smith School in 1943. Sports are her chief interest and she is a member of both the volleyball and basketball teams. She enjoys riding, bowling, swimming, and tennis, as well. She is privileged to call herself a "Glamazon" for she is six feet tall, and insists that she is still growing. When questioned as to her favourite pastime she replied, "Washing test-tubes in Chem Lab", but she finds time for dramatics also! Since English is her preferred subject she intends to be a journalist, and plans to begin her course in Arts at the University next fall. Jane has filled the position of Head Girl ably and energetically and we know that whatever she does in future years will be characterized by the same efficiency, good judgment, and fair play that she has shown here. She may be sure that the best wishes of all of us go with her.



GAIL GRAHAM

## Our Sports Captain

Gail Graham, who started her Riverbend career as far back as kindergarten, was this year elected School Sports Captain, and has continued to prove her capabilities which she showed last year as Sports Captain of Garry Hall. She has had seven letters, beginning in Grade IV with one for swimming, and has received an "A" each year since Grade IX. She is a valuable asset to our volleyball and basketball teams and takes an active part in all sports activities. She enjoys apparatus and gymnastics in particular but admits that swimming is her favourite. Her ambition is to be a nurse and toward its fulfilment she hopes to take Grade XII next year and then possibly to start her training in Toronto. We will long remember Gail's all-round sportsmanship and we wish her the very best of luck in all that she undertakes in the future.



# THE STAFF



MISS L. D. BAKER



MRS. E. BANCROFT



MISS M. E. BROWN



MISS E. BURNS



MRS. R. F. JONES



MRS. H. LITTLE



MRS. M. L. MacQUARRIE



MISS G. MARTIN



MRS. E. MUNROE



MRS. A. PRICE



MRS. J. REID



MRS. A. R. SADLER



MRS. D. B. SPARLING

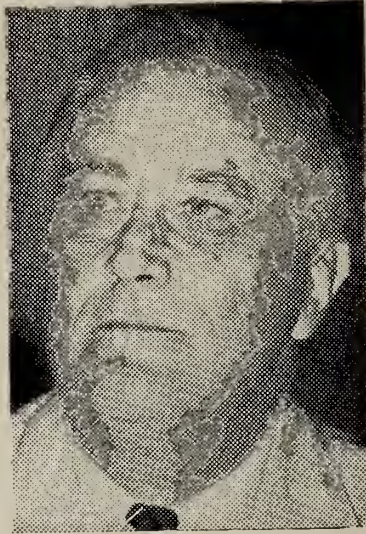


MISS E. SUMI



MISS M. VOORHEIS





## In Memoriam

Franklin Delano Roosevelt

Died April 12th, 1945

*"A MAN; GREAT IN SPIRIT, IN MIND AND IN HEART."*

President Roosevelt is dead.

With these few, simple words the stunned world died too, for a moment; and all hope of victory and peace, the everlasting kind of peace he gave his life for, seemed doomed. We felt we had lost not only one of the greatest men the world has known; but even above that, that we had lost a very human, sincere, personal friend; "my father" as Walt Whitman had said.

He was the living symbol of courage; courage beyond all doubt, courage even beyond all understanding. He knew what his ideals were, and he did not stray from the path of those ideals even when faced by many hating and bitter enemies. He brought America from the grip of depression, and the confused, despairing country she was in 1933, to the great industrial country she is now, and he showed her how to shoulder world responsibilities; yet while doing so he held her together. He could not walk, he could not even stand for long periods, yet how much more courage he had, and how much more he accomplished in his lifetime than do scores of men who are able to both walk and stand. Even in this war's darkest hours the crippled figure never lost his nerve, but strove on and on to bring America to greater heights, and to master his nation as he had mastered himself.

Roosevelt was also essentially a great humanist. There are few men today, even the most common men, who are not felt by some to be superior. But here was a man, a great leader of great people, who made even the most humble feel like men beside him.

The dead president's political genius was taken for granted by far too many of us, as well as Americans. Had it not been for his insight and determination to fight in spite of much opposition of some of his people, the United States would have had no implements of war made when Pearl Harbour came, and we would not be within sight of victory now. We all looked up in faith, hope and trust to President Roosevelt, and now Americans and we too will have to take more responsibility. We will have to stand on our feet, and watch more closely all events that directly or indirectly affect us, more than ever before.

Roosevelt was a man of great strength that outlives any bodily strength. Part of his greatness lies in the fact he was able to give his strength to others, and they were able to sense his great power and still not feel inferior to him.

He can never be replaced; but there is no turning back, and his work must and will go on. It is our task to see that it is done and done as he would wish.

President Roosevelt is dead, but President Roosevelt did live. Thank God.

JANE BULL,

# THE PREFECTS



EVELYN DUNFEE



BEVERLY FROST



SHIRLEY SWAIL



HELEN DUNFEE





## GRADE XII

### TOP TO BOTTOM—

#### FIRST ROW:

BETTY LOU ALLEN—St. Hilda's; Riverbend School '44-'45; Garry; Dramatics; Business Manager of Vox Fluminis.

JOAN CLEGG—Riverbend School '41-'45; Nelson (Prefect '43-'44); Archery and Music.

#### SECOND ROW:

SHIRLEY BARTON—Red Lake; Riverbend School '43-'45; Nelson; Volleyball, Badminton, and Dramatics.

CATHERINE IRVINE—Pine Falls; Riverbend School '43-'45; Douglas; Golfing, Badminton, and Swimming.

#### THIRD ROW:

PHYLLIS BEATTY—Kenora; Riverbend School '44-'45; Nelson; Singing and Dramatics.

MARIE McCRIMMON—Riverbend School '40-'45; Douglas; Basketball, Volleyball, and Riding.

NORA McLEOD—Kenora; Riverbend School '44-'45; York; Riding, Volleyball, Badminton, Swimming; Dramatics.

JACQUELINE PORTEOUS—Branksome Hall; Riverbend School '42-'45; Douglas (Prefect '43-'44); Skating.

JOCELYN WILLIAMS—Kenora; Riverbend School '44-'45; York; Riding and Swimming.





## TOP TO BOTTOM—

### FIRST ROW:

MURYN ANDERSON—'44-'45 . . . on basketball team . . . tall and terrific . . . ambition: undecided.

MARION BELL—'44-'45 . . . boarder from McAuley . . . known for her imitations . . . dark brown eyes . . . wants to be a social service worker.

ROBERTA BRINGHURST—'40-'45 . . . small and dark . . . wears size 3 shoes . . . "Ah shaddap" . . . ambition: he has to be at least five foot four.

EILEEN ELLIOTT—'43-'45 . . . thick sunburn hair . . . hails from Emo . . . always collecting photographs . . . "Oh, for dumb!" . . . ambition:?

AUDREY HAVERSTICK—'43-'45 . . . light auburn hair . . . on volleyball team . . . boarder from Domain . . . where's that? . . . likes the Army . . . amoiton: to be a nurse.

### SECOND ROW:

KATHLEEN FINLAY—'43-'45 . . . class president . . . always picking up Isobel's things . . . ambition: to know her ambition.

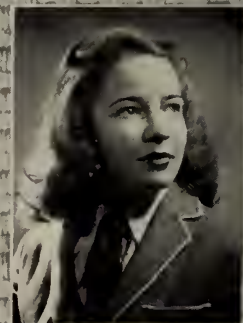
NORMA JAMIESON—'43-'45 . . . one blue eye, one green eye . . . on basketball and volleyball teams . . . our artist . . . kind-hearted . . . ambition: to be a nurse.

### THIRD ROW:

ANN GUTHRIE—'44-'45 . . . Junior Fashion Council representative . . . likes travelling and having fun . . . air-minded, no wonder . . . ambition: to be an interpreter.

DINIA HASTINGS—'43-'45 . . . long shining hair . . . known for getting her teeth out . . . ambition: to raise Great Danes.





# TOP TO BOTTOM—

## FIRST ROW:

MARY ELIZABETH JUDD—'43-'45 . . . cute kid . . . quiet voice . . . known for signalling across the room to Muryn . . . ambition: to be a child psychologist.

JOAN NEWTON—'44-'45 . . . sports captain of Douglas . . . on basketball team . . . a sculptoress . . . always getting in wrong . . . "Ah heck" . . . ambition: to get through Grade eleven.

## SECOND ROW:

ELLEN KINNEARD—'39-'45 . . . sports captain of York . . . excels in all sports . . . from the Falkland Islands . . . intends to be a surgeon.

SHIRLEY POPHAM—'43-'45 . . . comes from Kenora . . . mania for art . . . likes R.C.A.F. . . . "May I leave now, Miss Martin?" . . . ambition: to be a scientist.

## THIRD ROW:

ROSEMARY LEEDER—'44-'45 . . . flaxen hair . . . musical . . . always leaving for music lessons . . . known for her sleek coupe . . . ambition: to be in the Metropolitan Opera.

GRACE RICH—'42-'45 . . . on volleyball team . . . eats bananas in two bites . . . favourite subject—George . . . that grin . . . ambition: to be a nurse . . . will marry George, no (?)

## FOURTH ROW:

LORRAINE McILVEEN—'43-'45 . . . class secretary . . . "Oh, those troublesome War Savings Stamps" . . . good-natured . . . likes the Air Force . . . ambition: to be a nurse.

MARIANNE SAUNDERS—'43-'45 . . . naturally curly hair . . . collects money on over-due library books . . . editor of year book . . . piano fiend . . . ambition: to speak seven languages.

ISOBEL SLATER—'38-'45 . . . blonde hair . . . on basketball team . . . sports captain of Nelson . . . camera fiend . . . likes horseback riding . . . ambition: social service work.

MARILYN SMITH—'43-'45 . . . large grey eyes—smart dresser—always writing letters to ? ? . . . ambition: he's tall, blond, athletic.

LOIS WARRINGTON—'43-'45 . . . known for her good lunches . . . always giggling with Lorraine . . . proud of her driver's license . . . hopes to be a nurse.

JOCEYLN YOUNG—'43-'45 . . . neat blonde hair . . . deep voice . . . "Glad to see you" . . . ambition: to be a nurse.



## PREFECTS' MESSAGE

Dear Girls

It is hard to realize that the time has come for us, the prefects of 1944-5, to lay down our duties and resign from the various tasks that we have tried to carry out to the best of our ability during the past year. As we go forward, enriched by our experiences, we take with us many cherished and happy memories that will long remain dear in our hearts.

Our one consolation now as we leave, is that we may always return on such occasions as the French plays, English plays, the Gym display and other reunions. Then again on Old Girls' Day we, as the Old girls, will come back again to challenge you, the "present girls", in baseball, basketball, volleyball and the other good old school sports.

Just a short time ago we received the great news that the war in Europe was over. Although it brought to all our minds a momentary relief, we also thought of those whose suffering was not yet over, and of the many loved ones who would never return. We hope and pray that sometime within the next year we may see the world completely freed from strife and turmoil, and that we will soon have an everlasting peace.

We would like to thank all the girls we leave behind, for making our last year at Riverbend such a happy and memorable one.

To the six who take on our responsibilities, we wish every success in their new undertakings, and we hand "the torch; be yours to hold it high".

With best wishes to you all for the future,

THE PREFECTS, 1944-45

## PREFECTS

EVELYN DUNFEE—'43-'45 . . . tall, dark-haired glamour gal . . . basketball and volleyball teams . . . always ahead on her History notes . . . ambition: to be a nurse—imagine Lyn lowering anyone's temperature!

SHIRLEY SWAIL—'40-'45 . . . athletic . . . on basketball team . . . likes horseback riding . . . known for her untidy books and straight hair . . . ambition: to get Douglas to the top of the housepoint list.

BEVERLY FROST—'43-'45—Garry's prefect — enjoys badminton and dramatics—known for her dark eyes—plans on Home Ec.

HELEN DUNFEE—'43-'45 — likes swimming and acrobatics—wants to be a nurse—"Was it ever, wow!"—known for her poise in prayers.

THIS IS THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF US, Grade Twelve at present residing at the north-west corner of the school building of Riverbend School for Girls in the City of Winnipeg in the County of Selkirk, Students.

We hereby revoking all former wills and testamentary dispositions heretofore made by us.

WE NOMINATE AND APPOINT the present Grade Eleven class of Riverbend School and the survivor of them, to be the Executors and Trustees of this our will.

WE GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH all the Real and Personal estate of which we shall die possessed or entitled to unto our said Executors and Trustees hereinbefore named, in Trust for the purposes following:—

Firstly, to pay our just debts, graduation and examination expenses, And thereafter in trust to pay over or convey the following bequests to the persons or corporations hereinafter named, namely:—

To Riverbend School:

Betty-Lou Allen's sore back and business ability

Shirley Barton's mesh (?) stockings and blush

Phyllis Beatty's radio voice and history notes

Joan Clegg's 97 memorized pages of Tchaikowsky and her empty shampoo bottle

Helen Dunfee's brain and subtlety?

Beverley Frost's pantomime and her eyelashes

Catherine Irvine's appendix (effective last November) and her golf clubs

Marie McCrimmon's—"I'll remember you in my will" and her Latin translation

Nora McLeod's pet bunny "Wallace", her fingernails and her hicoughy laugh

Jacqueline Porteous' radiator, skates and nose drops

Jocelyn Williams' literary ability and her Dutch doll "Anastasia"

All the rest and residue of our estate both Real and Personal WE GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH unto the future inhabitants of the present Grade Twelve classroom of Riverbend School absolutely.

With full power and authority to our Executors and Trustees to sell and dispose of all or any part of our Real or Personal estate, where necessary for the carrying out of the purposes of this our will, and to execute any and all Documents that may be necessary for so doing.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF we have subscribed these presents written (in so far as not printed) by ourselves at Riverbend School this Friday, the thirteenth day of April Nineteen hundred and forty-five.

SIGNED published and declared by the above-named testatrices as and for their last Will and Testament in the presence of us both present at the same time, who at their request and in their presence have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

(Witnesses)

M. E. BROWN

L. D. BAKER

Grade Twelve 1944-45

## *Friday in Grade XI*

- 6.00—The boarders come to the school house to study.
- 7.00—Marion entertains them with her imitations of ??
- 8.30-8.55—After a separation of twelve hours, girls greet each other as long lost friends.
- 8.57—Rosemary grabs a Bible, discovers a passage to read, and rushes out to take prayers.
- 8.58—Miss Martin comes to the door, passes her keys and pencil down the line, and arranges Lorraine in alphabetical order AWAY from Lois.
- 8.59—Evelyn helps Miss Martin into her gown.
- 9.00—The bell rings and talking continues. Miss Martin saunters over to the housepoint list with a pencil in her hand. There is immediate silence.
- 9.02—In prayers, hymn books are re-distributed.
- 9.15—History period—Miss Sumi hurries into the room, and tells those who did not stand to be seated. As there is to be an Economics test, everyone solemnly proclaims, "United we stand divided we fail."
- 9.35—Audrey has finished the test before anyone else is half through it.
- 9.45—The subject having changed to current events, there is slight party friction in the back corner of the room.
- 9.50—Miss Baker comes in and immediately begins discussing the year book with Marianne.
- 10.15—Miss Baker accuses Grace of making a racket—when the pipe in the corner starts to knock.
- 10.30—Recess—Murnyn and Mary Elizabeth get together to discuss . . . . . affairs. Everyone else rushes down for their soda biscuits.
- 10.45-11.00—Latin students try in vain to get Miss Carter off the subject.
- 11.05—Jane dashes in and asks for volunteers to serve at a tea, but as teachers have a priority on certain girls, she does not get much assistance.
- 11.15—Miss Carter begs Eileen to ask a question.
- 11.25—Ann pleads for more photographs for the year book.
- 11.30—In English period, Miss Baker divides her time between the year book, the library, and Browning.
- 11.45—A click is heard at the back of the room: Isobel has taken a picture of Miss Baker.
- 12.45—Dinia spills her ink on the floor. Everyone offers to help but Marilyn is the quickest and rushes out for some Dutch Cleanser.
- 12.20-12.25—Scrubbing and giggling around Dinia's desk drowns out Mrs. Sparling reading the Bible.
- 12.26—A scuffle is heard at the back of the room. The girls around the empty desk are trying to support Shirley Swail's books.
- 12.20—Everyone starts to leave for lunch.
- 12.30—The bell rings, class dismissed.
- 12.40—The half-starved lunch line rushes in.
- 12.45—Grace finishes her lunch, Lois and Lorraine have just come in, and Kathleen is grimly waiting for her milk.
- 1.35—Miss Martin takes the roll call, then half the room rushes in with hastily-made excuses.
- 1.40—Shirley Popham asks "May I leave now, Miss Martin"?—and goes to another class.
- 1.41—Jocelyn slips in quietly—as usual.
- 2.00—Miss Brown asks Gail a chemistry question, and she answers looking alternately at a blank page and Evelyn's book.
- 2.05—Time for a cough candy, Roberta.
- 2.10—Although she is not the monitor, Norma quickly cleans the boards, but is careful not to erase Joan's drawings.
- 2.10—Miss Sumi and Ellen converse in French, leaving the rest of the girls in a daze.
- 2.40—Miss Martin chases the Physics girls to Lab.
- 2.41—Due at another music lesson, Rosemary leaves.
- 2.42—She's not the only one.
- 2.42-4.00—Dead silence in study—no wonder—no one's there.

## *Teachers' Notes*

- It will be a Red Letter Day at Riverbend when—
- MISS CARTER: discards her Red Cross bottle and admits that Latin is a dead language.
- MISS BAKER: walks into her English classes saying, "Greetings, Gates, what'd youse hear from de mob?"
- MISS SUMI: forgets to insist upon "boiling it down" and gives up the idea of History Units.
- MRS. MUNROE: gives us two chocolate-covered biscuits and forgets all about "sodas."
- MISS MARTIN: decides that Algebra and Geometry are useless and that she must take an intensified History course.
- MISS BROWN'S brain has a total eclipse and she has to learn all that Chemistry again.
- MRS. JONES: remembers to give her German tests and remarks, "Girls, your pronunciation is wonderful!"
- MRS. PRICE: isn't there to ring bells.
- MRS. SADLER: replaces the Rye Waltz with a hot dip.
- MRS. McQUARRIE: teaches us to sew a reet pleat for a drape shape.
- MRS. LITTLE: doesn't smile pleasantly at the girls on door-duty at prayers.
- MISS BURNS: fails to bring her class up to the top of the War Savings list.
- MISS VOORHEIS: turns up some morning prepared to teach the kindergarten advanced psychiatry.
- MRS. JOBIN: absent-mindedly assigns a Grade I instead of a staff member to the head of each lunch table.
- MISS STUART: gives out with a solid boogie beat during those Tuesday mornings in prayers.
- MRS. SPARLING: wears all those cute lapel pins at the same time.
- MISS ARNOLD: comes out into the open where we can see her.
- MRS. REID: loses that "heather" look.
- MR. BANCROFT: replaces "The Turtle Dove" by "Down the Road Apiece."



*School Days*  
or  
*We Couldn't*  
*Sleep a Wink*  
*Last Night*

PATTY LOU RIDDELL	-	I'll Be Taken for a Sleigh Ride in July.
CAROLYN AUSTIN	-	Pack Up Your Troubles.
DIANA CARRUTHERS	-	California, Here I Come.
HELEN SMITH	- -	Smiling Through.
ANNE CAMPBELL	-	Chatterbox.
AMY CAMPBELL	-	Irish Washerwoman.
VALERIE HEAD	- -	Scatterbrain.
BARBARA LENNOX	-	I'm a Little Tea Pot.
DOROTHY JACKSON	-	Time Waits for NO One.
JUNE BAKER	- -	Here Pretty Kitty Blue Eyes.
NORMA GRAY	- -	Higher 'n' Higher.
MARGARET JAN	-	I'm Beginning to SEE the Light.
DONNA RIDDELL	-	Million Dollar Baby.
PHYLLIS HUSTON	-	Sweet and LOVELY.
MARY McINTOSH	-	He WEARS a PAIR of Silver Wings.
BARBARA CHAMP	-	Candy.
AUDREY EAST	- -	Let's Take the Long Way Home.
AUDREY HAVERSTICK	-	Meet Me in ST. LOUIS.
MARION BELL	- -	When Irish Eyes Are Smiling.
ELSPETH BURRIS	-	I'm a Little on the Lonely Side.
MARION ANDERSON	-	Kitten on the Keys.
EILEEN ELLIOTT	-	Whispering.
ELLEN KINNEARD	-	South American Way.
DIDI RICHARD	- -	Can't Help Singing.
SHIRLEY POPHAM	-	"Fredship", "Fredship", Just a Perfect "Fredship".
SHIRLEY BARTON	-	I Threw a Kiss in the Ocean.
CATHERINE IRVINE	-	There's Something About a Sailor.
PHYLLIS BEATTY	-	He's in the Army Now.
MARIE McCRIMMON	-	Don't Fence Me In.
JOAN CLEGG	- -	Toscanini Iturbi and Me.
NORA McLEOD	-	Where Have You Been, Billy Boy?
JOCELYN WILLIAMS	-	With the Wind and 'Rinse' in Your Hair.

#### BOARDER'S NOTES

We boarders were discussing the past year the other day and we all agreed it really had been a "swell" year even considering all our little quibbles concerning the table list at the beginning of the year . . . and the impatience with which we waited for our turn at the telephone each night . . . and how we celebrated a birthday each night before "Lights Out" just so we could bring in cokes and cake, etc., and how the next morning we'd always find a note on our dresser from Mrs. Reid telling us to clear out the "brewery" . . . and talking about notes . . . remember all those we got telling us to be more like ladies and hang up our towels and to please pick up our shoes . . . and oh, yes, how you'd fight over the bathtub each night and finally when your turn came there was no water so you'd yell down to the floor below for "Water!!" and eventually a slow dribble would begin dripping from the faucet and just as you breathed relief you'd discover that there was no hot water left, so there would be nothing left for you to do but apple-pie someone's bed or put cold face cloths in it or something equally as gruesome just to get even . . . because you would remember then about the time somebody had left soap flakes in your bed and had removed the mattress so that you had a pretty terrible sleep on just springs with all the soap in your pyjamas that night, and therefore there was every possible reason why you should get even . . . but we never thought of getting even with those people who threw cold water from the Jungle Room onto our heads at night as we groped our way to the Red House . . . or that party who used to make so much noise in the Grade 12 class room while the rest of the school tried to

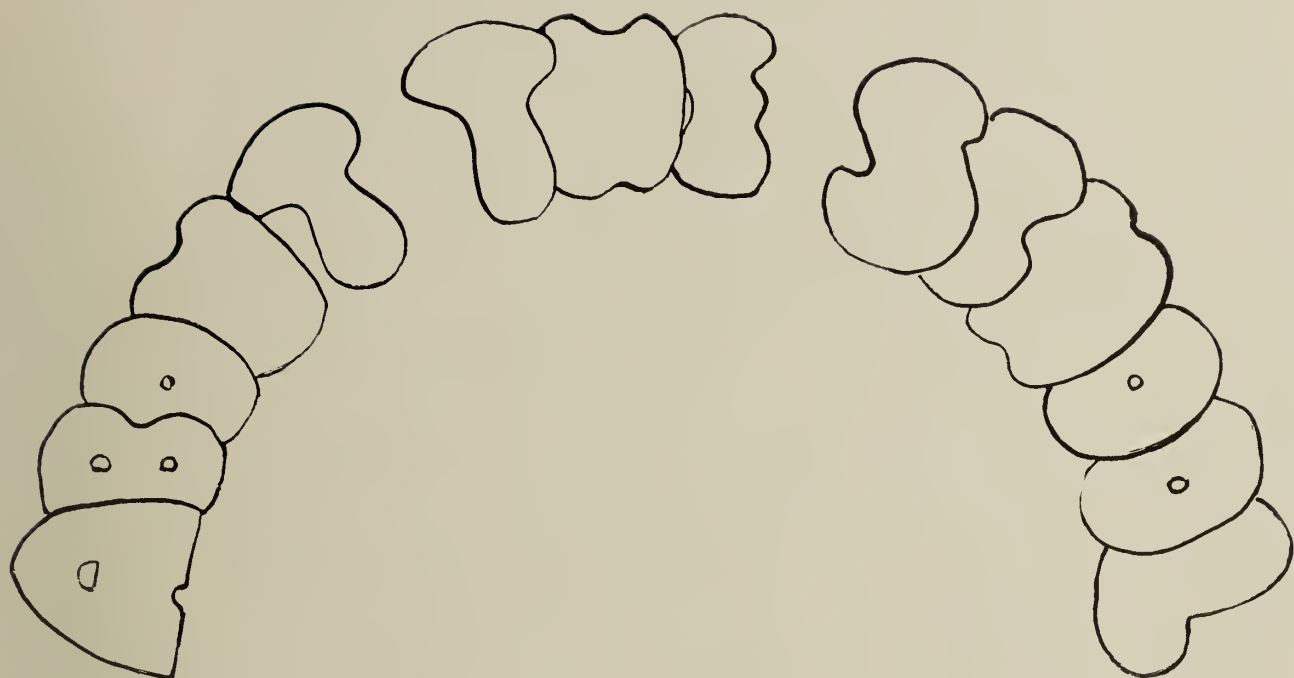
"study?" between seven and nine, because we always blamed "Josephine Blew" for that because Josephine is the 33rd boarder who used to mess up our rooms each morning after nine o'clock because WE always left them tidy . . . and we just know it was Josephine who made all that noise after "Lights Out" and then fixed it so we'd get the blame . . . but Josephine was a good boarder anyway and agrees with us other thirty-two boarders that we sure had fun and have spent one super year living in Riverbend.

#### REMEMBER—

Joc's, Nora's, and Marie's riding rig—the Vox Fluminis deadline—the French Plays—Gail's legs—that Grade Ten class—house picnics—the inseparable Lois and Lorraine—those Physics tests—Miss Brown's crinkled nose in Chem Lab—Jane's briefcase—Marion's Physics Blues—June's housepoints—"Who Gets the Car Tonight?"—Marilyn's flames—Patti's and Mercedes' pins—the messy Grade twelve room—Miss Carter's Red Cross bottle—the milk and biscuit brawl—Barton's coiffures—those interesting English periods—Grace's George—Norma's maps on the board—Isobel's aeroplanes—the Gym Display—Johnnie's after four—B.J.'s Blues—the History units—the rose in Shelagh's wallet—spilt ink—Rosemary's car—talk of men in the 7 and 8 room—Murn's favourite record, "Tippin' In"—Emy's G.B. pin—Joan's dog—Miss Sumi's "boil it down"—Ann's blind dates—Kay's and Audrey's hair—Dinia's visits to school—Marilyn's brother—Gusty's marching—Joan Bathgate's flowers for Mrs. Sadler—Shirley's horses—

## AUTOGRAPHS







KINDERGARTEN



GRADES I and II

—Photos by Harold White.





GRADES III and IV



GRADES V and VI

—Photos by Harold White





GRADES VII and VIII



GRADE IX





GRADE X



*Teachers' Autographs*

## *Grade 7 and 8 Class Notes*

### GRADE SEVEN

Our teacher's name is Mrs. McQuarrie.  
No doubt she could tell you why teachers look  
sorry;  
If we should all fail, we'll continue to grieve her,  
And if we all pass we'll be sorry to leave her.

Diane Armstrong is so very acrobatic,  
When you see her at apparatus you know she's not  
rheumatic.  
Daphne White with blonde hair and blue eyes  
Is a very smart girl and big for her size.

Nancy Smith, one of Douglas' clan,  
Plays the piano as well as she can.  
With her curly hair and dimpled chin,  
Everyone likes her happy grin.

Cara Joy Hughes wears her hair in a braid,  
She'd rather be athletic than top her grade.  
Early to school is Donna Plant's creed,  
When lessons are done she loves to read.

Diana Turner is a Guide,  
A horse's back she loves to ride;  
In riding clothes she's quite a toff,  
We hope the horse won't throw her off.

Elizabeth Ann Beaton is a tiny little soul,  
I fear we'll lose her down a big knot hole,  
Though she is small it would be hard to fill her place,  
And if she left our Riverbend, she'd leave a great big  
space.

Here's a girl who does most things,  
Rides and skates, plays and sings;  
She keeps busy, both day and night,  
(Hope you'll treat our Linda Wright).

Quite good at baseball is Donna Riddell,  
She can make a home-run before the first bell;  
Elizabeth Abbott has lots of joys,  
She loves horses and likes the boys.



Our forefathers did without sugar until the  
thirteenth century, without coal fires until the four-  
teenth century, without potatoes until the sixteenth,  
without coffee, tea, and soap until the seventeenth,  
without pudding until the eighteenth, without can-  
ned goods until the twentieth, and we have had  
automobiles for a comparatively few years.

Now, what was it you were complaining about?



Mrs. Guy (at the Blind Tea): Won't you have  
something more?

Josephine: No thank you, I am full.

Mrs. Guy: Then put some cake and cookies in  
your pockets to eat on the way home.

Josephine: No thank you, they're full too.

### GRADE EIGHT

Julie Ann Harris, the fourth of her name,  
Makes Riverbend School glad that she came.  
June Baker wins points for both study and sport,  
Some of us envy her marks and report.

Joy Knox is a cunning little trick,  
She wants to be a doctor, but hates arithmetic;  
She'd like to go to Heaven on straight and narrow  
paths,  
If she was sure the angels would help her with her  
maths.

Shelagh Lawson has blue eyes and fair hair,  
And some day will sit in the principal's chair;  
She's a Girl Guide leader, and models with grace,  
Far more I could say, but I haven't the space.

Some day Donna Barrett an artist will be,  
A photograph she tints you'll go far to see.  
Margaret Jan loves to swim,  
Wins lots of points for York at Gym.

Lois Huggard at dramatics is good,  
And will probably star in Hollywood.  
But meanwhile for her fun and sport,  
She dates a boy from Ravenscourt.

An all round girl is Donna Smale;  
She grew so tall it left her pale;  
Dancing, swimming, skating too,  
Is there anything that girl can't do?

Norma Gray is very tall,  
(Nice for her at basketball);  
Norma wears a St. John's pin,  
Likes the boys, but that's no sin.

Lorna McCarthy wears a straight pin,  
Frankie Sinatra puts her in a spin;  
Although she likes dancing and pitching some woo,  
She finds time for games and excels in them too.

Betty Morgan is a sleepy head,  
Who finds it hard to leave her bed;  
Send the boy-friend home at nine,  
And you will get to school on time.

Carolyn Dowler, our tom-boy girl,  
Cartwheels and somersaults with a whirl;  
Swimming and games fill her with joy,  
And she goes dancing with a Ravenscourt boy.

Shy and sweet Marie MacRae,  
From our winters cold she fled away,  
To the coast with soft green grass,  
We all hope she still can pass.

Little Helen Emerson would like to grow up tall,  
But when it comes to inches, her brother took them  
all;  
She likes to go out dancing but she comes home  
quite a wreck,  
Because to dance with tall boys, she has to stretch  
her neck.

## *Grade Nine Class Notes*

Sleep more before four  
Is the law of Grade Nine,  
It's the easiest way  
Of putting in time.

We stagger first period  
To English, half dead,  
With the usual feeling  
Of a novel not read.

Mrs. MacQuarrie is patient,  
What else can she do?  
Because of the fact  
That she's tired too.

Second period we're slipping,  
To heck with the brain;  
What good can it do us?  
We all are insane.

At last there is recess,  
But oh, not a groan;  
We're up madly dipping  
To the ol' gramophone.

But too soon it is over  
And that's very fine,  
For the teachers are hoping  
For lessons with Nine.

Our Home Ec's a failure,  
It's true that we try;  
But it takes such great effort  
To keep open one eye.

In Maths it is different  
As you probably know;  
That's one where we listen,  
At least we hope so.

Then back we go drifting  
To dream and to rest;  
Oh! the thoughts that we're thinking  
While writing a test.

Then at last goes the lunch bell,  
We make a mad dash,  
For the food that awaits us,  
Commonly known as hash.

At twenty-to-two,  
Comes the bell on the dot;  
We tear to our room  
Believe it or not.

The afternoon flies  
And soon it is four;  
In three seconds flat  
We're out of the door.

Here are the characters  
As we appear;  
So pull up a chair  
And lend us an ear.

First we have Mary,  
Who's top of the class;  
Besides being clever  
She's quite the lass.

Then there is Beverly,  
Who's slim and tall;  
When it comes to skating  
She passes us all.

Behind her is Patti,  
Personality plus;  
With that pin on her tunic,  
She's the envy of us.

Next we have Mary,  
Who sports eyes of blue;  
She never looks messy  
For that wouldn't do.

Now we have Mercedes,  
Alias Lou;  
Besides having a pin  
She's got his ring too. (Dated)

Now don't forget Joan  
Whose mind's on her sport;  
Though she treasures a place  
For old Ravenscourt.

Then of course there is Janey  
Who came in the fall;  
Everyone likes her,  
She's the best of us all.

Phyllis and Barbara,  
The inseparable pair;  
Are always there handy  
To help with their share.

Following is Gwenyth  
Who's awaited her turn;  
Her eyes and hair both  
Cause us to yearn.

Then there's Marie,  
Who makes with the voice;  
Oh, those blonds with blue eyes,  
They leave us no choice.

Next there is Ruthe  
Who adds light to Grade Nine;  
And spent some of her minutes  
Composing this rhyme.

Lastly Miss Baker,  
We'll never forget;  
She's a super class teacher  
Whom we're all glad we met.

So now you will know,  
When you hear us all say,  
"Sleep more before four  
Is the easiest way."

### GRADE TEN'S IF

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Grade Tens are losing theirs and blaming you;  
If you can trust yourself when all girls doubt you  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and wait, and still have patience  
Waiting for their chatter to subside;  
Or if you can be told that they still like you  
Don't give way to what they say;  
Don't ignore them too much, nor talk too wise;  
If you can dream, and not have dreams of Grade Ten;  
If you can think, and not let them disturb you;  
If you can meet with impertinence and disgrace,  
And teach those misused infants just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the gossip that they've  
spoken  
Twisted by these brats to make a trap for fools;  
If you can make a heap of all your losings  
And still have faith to carry on your way;  
And still hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the will which says to you, "Hold On!"  
If you can talk with Grade Ten and keep your  
virtue,  
Or walk with them and still have common sense;  
If you can make the grade.  
With sixty seconds worth of homework done,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And which is more—you'll be a real friend of Grade  
Ten.

Kindness of Rudyard Kipling  
Plus a few words from Grade Ten.



### OUR SISTER SCHOOL

As many of us know, Riverbend is affiliated with Epworth High School, Pietermaritzburg, Natal.

Epworth was founded in 1898 by the Misses Mason and Lowe, so it is considerably older than our own school. As Epworth grew, it found its buildings inadequate, hence in 1941 they moved to new and larger ones. The new buildings are in the form of two large blocks and as seen while travelling along the main road rather resemble a hotel.

The school, like ours, is small, though they have a majority of boarders and a relatively small number of day girls. That, as you know, is the reverse of Riverbend. Epworth is capable of educating from Kindergarten as far as Matriculation level. As a rule, they too have six prefects, though at times more, one of these being a day girl.

Epworth uses the House system as we do. Theirs are Athlone, Burton, Rhodes and Somerset. These have only one House color as compared to ours with two colors each.

The school colors are navy, maroon and gold which sound like a good combination, we think. They would indeed clash with our scarlet and grey!

Riverbend does, we feel, envy Epworth her swimming pool and film projector. It would be pleasant to have a swimming pool of our own for use in the hot seasons. Like most girls, we enjoy films and sometime we too, hope to have a projector.

Epworth's motto "LOYAL, COURTEOUS, BRAVE" seems a fitting one. Our own "TO BETTER THINGS" is one we try to live up to. Being sister schools perhaps the two mottos will rule as well.

### RIVERBEND'S UNIFORM, CREST, YELL AND HYMN

Riverbend girls are always noted for their trim, smart appearance, due partly no doubt, to their colourful grey and red uniforms. Perhaps you have wondered at some time where this outstanding outfit originated. When the school was started in 1929, the uniform consisted of a navy blue tunic and blue regulation blouse. However, in 1937, it was decided that Riverbend should be distinguished from other schools by a unique uniform. The subject was discussed at a meeting of the Riverbend Ladies' Council where different colour schemes were considered by the various ladies. Grey and red was the suggestion of Mrs. D. F. McIntyre, who offered to have the uniforms made up and modelled before the Board of Directors by two of her daughters, Winnifred Ruth and Marjorie Lynn. The Board approved wholeheartedly to this practical grey and red uniform which has since become a tradition.

Our crest was introduced and designed in 1937 by Mr. Douglas MacKay and Mr. P. J. Edgar. Simple in design and yet full of meaning, it bears, in the school colours, the Assiniboine River, the sea gull which is so prominent in the wild life of Riverbend, and the four pillars representing the front of the White House as well as the "pillars of learning."

As recently as 1943, Riverbend still lacked a school yell. However, a contest was held in which

all the girls were urged to enter their contributions. Nancy Complin, of Douglas Hall, received the award of five house-points for her rousing yell which is used today.

In 1930 Mrs. Dempsey, a former music teacher of Riverbend chose the school hymn which has become deeply embedded in the minds of Riverbend girls who are striving to be worthwhile citizens of our country.

"Land of our birth we pledge to thee  
Our love and toil in the years to be  
When we are grown and take our place  
As men and women with our race."

PHYLLIS BEATTY,  
Grade XII, Nelson Hall.

### THE BOARDERS' SITTING ROOM

The boarders' sitting room is found on the second floor of the "White house." It is a very cozy, home-like room, with three big windows looking out on the back lawn and the Assiniboine River below. The girls spend much of their spare time in this room, sometimes doodling on the piano or listening to the latest songs on the radio, or perhaps just sitting and thinking about home—what Mom would be doing then—and Pop just coming home from work, tired from the long day.

On Monday night all the girls crowd in to hear "Lux Theatre", everyone listening to the beautiful voice of "Charles Boyer" or to the all-favorite "Ronald Colman".

Loud giggles of laughter and long sighs over "Frankie" or a duet of "Boogie Woogie" may be heard any night by anyone passing the door.

This room is also used as a studyroom for the early morning risers of the "White house".

Even though the sitting room is nearly always in an uproar, every girl will agree that it is certainly an asset to our boarding school.

MARY McINTOSH,  
Grade IX, Nelson Hall

### THE BUBBLE ROOM AND THE JUNGLE ROOM

The largest bedroom in the main building of the residence is known to all as the "Bubble Room". It is situated on the third floor of the White House overlooking the river. Off this room is a large balcony situated above the pillars at the front of the house. These pillars represent the "Pillars of Learning." The girls who occupy this room are usually juniors, and it is from this room they begin to work their way up through the grades and the other rooms. The name "Bubble Room" originated from the colored bubbles which decorated the ceiling. Every time the room was redecorated it was done with a similar wallpaper having a bubble design. Because of the war it has been impossible to buy wallpaper with such a design, therefore that which is on the ceiling at present has a star-like design.

The girls who are occupying the "Bubble Room" are Valerie Head, Barbara Lennox, Amy Campbell and Dorothy Jackson.

Directly below the "Bubble Room" is another of

the rooms containing four girls. This room is known to us as the "Jungle Room", because of the trees painted on the walls. This also overlooks the river, and opens out onto a smaller balcony than the one above, and is also connected with the "boarders' sitting room." This room is especially pleasant during the warmer seasons because of its spacious windows which are shaded by a lovely Virginia Creeper.

The "Jungle-mates" this year have been June Baker, Norma Gray, Donna Riddell and Margaret Jan.—A.E.

### OUR PRINCIPAL

Miss Carter is the principal of Riverbend School. She was born in Dublin, Ireland, and attended small private schools there. She then went to Leipzig, Germany, where she attended finishing school. Her university education was taken in Leeds, England. During this course she went to university in Caen, France, for six months. Miss Carter studied Modern Languages at university, but it is to be noted that she teaches Latin in our high-school now. Because her parents had planned on her being a teacher Miss Carter obtained a diploma entitling her to teach.

Miss Carter joined the Wrens during the First World War. On leaving them, she spent approximately one year at Ramsgate, England, where she took a business course. She had decided that she would like to be a business woman, as office work appealed to her.

In 1921, Miss Carter and her mother came to Canada to visit her sister, who resided at Edmonton. They were to remain in Canada for a short visit. However, she was offered a position as assistant principal at St. Hilda's in Calgary, and as most of her immediate family were on this side of the ocean, she decided to accept. She remained there for thirteen years.

On Friday, the thirteenth of May, Miss Carter was interviewed for the position of principal of Riverbend School. According to the date, this should have been an unlucky day, but not so for Riverbend because she was accepted. The friendliness of the people and the beauty of the grounds pleased Miss Carter greatly on her arrival, and those good impressions have increased since then.

Although she would like to return to England for a visit, Miss Carter says that she does not wish to go back there to teach. What she would really like to do is to retire, and go to the coast to live.

During her busy life Miss Carter finds time for several hobbies. She collects stamps, knits, and does fancy work. I would like to add that if she collects stamps as well as she knits she must have a wonderful collection. I have not seen any of the fancy work that she has done, but I can assure you that is very good also, as everything that Miss Carter does is done well.

Miss Carter has done wonders for our school. Each year many improvements have been made, so that now, after eleven years of her influence, Riverbend has become an excellent school with an excellent principal.

SHIRLEY SWAIL,

Grade XI, Douglas Hall

### AMUSEMENTS FOR INTERNES

Boarding in general at Riverbend must be, I feel, much like almost any boarding school life. I suppose after six years I should be thoroughly initiated in the arts of amusing myself in a time divided by bells.

One of the most popular amusements that goes the rounds, is a series of practical jokes. It is most disconcerting to snap in the last curler and make a wild dash for one's bed just before the staff on duty loses patience. The staff says good night and simultaneously one shoves one's feet down under the sheets in a rush. There is a tear and there you are! Both feet are well embedded but, on the opposite side of the sheet.

"What was that?" someone innocently inquires. "Nothing, oh nothing!" is the reply.

However next morning there is quite a chore to be done, the one of patching the sheet. "Apple pies" are fun!

For several nights the pranks continue. Everyone demands, "What will happen next? Surely they have done everything possible. Let's see . . . , my pyjamas have been sewn up and the buttons removed, my personal pictures were hidden nights ago, pillows smell very odiferous and my stationery has disappeared. Oh well, I shall be on my guard."

That night one carefully climbs into bed. It does not collapse as it has had a habit of doing recently. Everything goes well until suddenly one's toe contacts something hard and cool. Reaching down, one's hand encounters a bottle.

"Ha, this time I shall fool them", so very carefully one pulls it up from the foot of the bed. Upon its arrival in view one finds it has just completed emptying itself of nice cold water all the way up the bed. Of course the cork is attached to the end of the bed by means of a string.

Amusement however is varied and there is a great deal of it; for we feel that the saying, "all work and no play makes Jean a dull girl" is very true.

There is a small library at our convenience. Many hours are spent there by those who enjoy reading. This is a room where one may take oneself for an hour at a time and may journey long distances.

We also make full use of the gymnasium, much as we would a "common room". The younger girls skip or play games while the seniors work out the latest dance routines. It is a very colorful scene to look in on because at this time we have discarded our grey tunics and delight in following the newest fashions in dress.

At least once a term a party is held. Sometimes it is a fancy dress ball. Games dancing and competitions hold the attention of all. Nevertheless, there need never be a second call of "soup's on".

Outdoor sports are favourites among many. Tobogganing, ice skating, snowballing, bicycling, soccer, tennis, hiking, baseball and field sports all fill in the time, weather permitting.

All in all a boarder's day is pretty full of activities when amusement has been added to good hard work. Everyone is glad to "turn in" when bed time draws near.

ELLEN KINNEARD,

Grade XI, York Hall











## The House System at Riverbend

In order to stimulate competition among the students in their own grades, and among them collectively, (and to have a student system of government); the House plan has been adopted at Riverbend.

In this system all the pupils have been divided into four Houses; namely Douglas, Garry, Nelson and York, which were named for forts. These so-called "Houses" are not actual buildings, but are names given to groups of girls from grades one to twelve who, upon entering the school, are allocated to the various "Houses".

House members work for housepoints which are given for especially good work and consistently good work in various subjects. These housepoints are totalled and averaged at the end of each term, and at the end of the school year the House with the highest average has its name printed on the Sir James Aikins Memorial plaque, and is considered a year's possessor of the "Winged Victory".

The houses also compete in other ways. On Field Day the competitors are entered according to house as well as grade, and in June, junior and senior cups are given to the winning Houses. During the year too, inter-House sports such as baseball, basketball and volleyball are played, and housepoints are given to the winners.

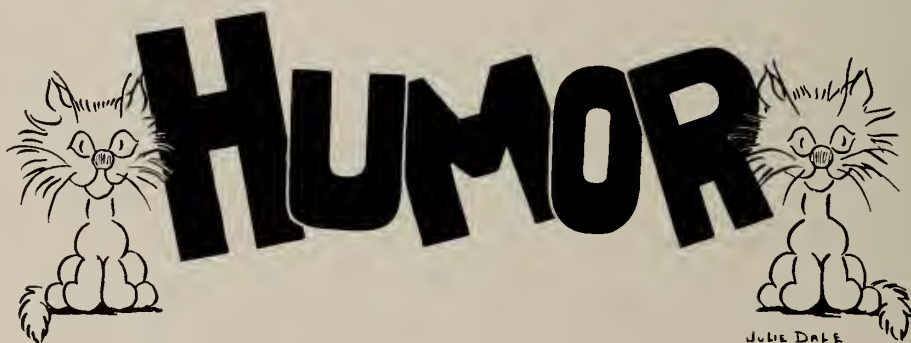
In the beginning of the school term, the Houses have picnics at which they become acquainted with their new members. At Christmas, hampers are donated to poor families, and during the second term a play is put on by each House, and the winner receives a cup.

The Houses are run by councils consisting of a House head chosen from grade eleven or twelve; a secretary from grade ten; a sports captain from grades nine to twelve; and a treasurer from either eleven or twelve.

The House head calls and conducts meetings; the secretary calls the roll, makes tabulations of the meetings, and keeps track of the number of Housepoints each girl hands in. The sports captain arranges the entries for Field Day and the inter-House games; and the treasurer handles the money. These meetings are also attended by members of the school staff who offer suggestions and generally see that things are run smoothly.

The House system is used at Riverbend, as it is considered a most adequate means of teaching the pupils co-operation.

JANE BULL,  
Grade XI Nelson Hall



Mary Mac.: What was the name of the hotel we stopped at in Hamilton?

Marjory Lynn: Just a minute, I'll look through my towels.

\* \* \*

Marilyn: I have laryngitis. (What, again, Marilyn?)

Virginia: Oh, something wrong with your pipes?

Marilyn: What?

Virginia: I said you have something wrong with your pipes.

Marilyn: Pipes?

Virginia: You know, what runs from the bathroom to the kitchen?

Marilyn: Cockroaches.

Beverley-Ann L.: How long does it take you to dress in the morning?

Ruthie: 'Bout half an hour. (N.B. Because that is Frankie's rate too).

Bev.: Only takes me ten minutes.

Ruthie: Well, I wash.

\* \* \*

Definition of teachers (N.B. Riverbend teachers are naturally excluded from this group): Monsters made in mass production at Normal School.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Sparling: Where have you been Audrey?

Audrey S.: To Sunday school.

Mrs. Sparling: Oh, and did you get anything from your lesson?

Audrey: No, just an ad about heaven.

Miss Sumi: There's ten dollars gone from my cash drawer. Didi, you and I are the only people who have keys to that drawer.

Didi:—Well, suppose we each pay five dollars, and say no more about it?

\* \* \*

Lorraine Mc.: Men are all alike.

Lois W.: Yes, men are all I like too.

\* \* \*

Cecily-Ann: Why are you wearing dark glasses?

Clem: Because I can't bear to see Miss Burns work so hard.

\* \* \*

Miss Brown (in chem. lab.): Jane, I wish you wouldn't whistle at your work.

Jane: It's all right Miss Brown, I'm not working.

\* \* \*

Miss Martin: Here catch hold of this wire.

Evelyn: I have it Miss Martin, what shall I do now?

Miss Martin: Do you feel anything?

Lyn: No.

Miss Martin: Well then don't touch the other one, it carries three thousand volts.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Munroe: Lottie, did you make that split pea soup for dinner?

Lottie: I've started it, but we can't have it until tomorrow. Its taken me all day to split the peas.

\* \* \*

Mrs. MacQuarrie (upon entering the school in Sept.): Who are the Prefects this year?

Julie: I don't know yet, but I can tell you the name Germany has for them.

\* \* \*

Gail had just received a beautiful skunk coat as a gift from we are wondering who.

Gail: I can't see how such a nice coat comes from such a foul beast.

The Honorable Mr. P.: I don't ask for thanks dear, but I do demand respect.

\* \* \*

A sleepy morn the kind on which grade eleven, not wishing to disobey the laws of nature, is asleep. (Correction: ANY morn, the kind on which grade eleven etc.)

Miss Brown: Where are gastric juices found?

Long silence.

Then—Isobel (raising a drowsy head): Grapefruit.

\* \* \*

Nora Ann: We've got a new baby at our house.

Nora: We got it from Dr. Jones.

Judy: We take from him too.

\* \* \*

Marion A.: To tell you the truth, Miss Stuart, I'm a little stiff from wheeling.

Miss Stuart: Is that so? I'm from Moose Jaw.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Sadler: Why do you keep looking down all the time?

Mrs. Jobin: The doctor told me to watch my stomach.

Mrs. Little: Do you say your prayers every night?

Gusty: No, some nights I don't want anything.

\* \* \*

Patty-Lou was heart-broken when her pet canary died, and to pacify her Miss Carter found an empty cigar box and they placed the bird in it and buried the box in the garden.

"Miss Carter", whispered Patty, after the funeral was over, "will my birdie go to heaven?"

"I expect so", replied Miss Carter. "Why?"

"Well I was only thinking how cross St. Peter will be when he opens the box and finds it isn't cigars after all."

\* \* \*

Ellen: Do you really believe women like conceited men better than the other kind?

Eileen: What other kind?

\* \* \*

Betty-Lou: When I went to St. Hilda's I slept in a dormitory.

Cathy I.: A what?

Betty-Lou: A dormitory! You know what a dormitory is. What do you sleep in?

Cathy: My underwear.

\* \* \*

Mrs Price: Dulcie-Ann will you please give me a definition of school?

Dulcie: The nation's sadistic (that's my new vocabulary word for the year) way of keeping children off the streets.

\* \* \*

Captain Elspethero Burris: If the boat foundered whom would you save first, the passengers or me?

Seaman Tenth Class White: Me.

\* \* \*

Shirley B.: I've been asked to get married lots of times.

Joan C.: Who asked you?

Shirl.: Mom-n'-Pop.

\* \* \*

Caroline: Can you suggest something to put a finishing touch to my story?

Sheila: Yes, a match.

(At this point we know you will be making the same suggestion for our Humour, so this is the end, THE ABSOLUTE END.)







MAURINE STEWART

# Music Section



EILEEN ARNOLD



H. HUGH BANCROFT

From time to time I have been asked "What good is a knowledge of music going to do me?" That is a question which is rather difficult to answer, but it might be countered with a similar question, "What advantage is a knowledge of any of the arts?"

If one reckons advantages in terms of dollars and cents, the answer is probably "None!" Fortunately, however, there are other scales of value. If one can cultivate a love of music, one is laying up an immense store of future enjoyment that will materially effect one's life and happiness to a very great extent. There is music to suit every mood, it can be a comfort in sorrow, it can add to joy, and in fact, fit into every occasion in one's life. The ways in which one can cultivate a love of music are many, the most obvious being, learning to play an instrument, or to sing, and in listening to good music at every opportunity. At Riverbend, there are opportunities to do all of these, very few schools of similar size being more fortunately situated. Particularly are we fortunate in having such a fine collection of gramophone records and such a fine machine on which to play them. Let us make the most of our opportunities, and most certainly, in the years to come, we shall not regret having done so.

H. H. BANCROFT



### VARIATIONS ON CHOPIN

In Paris, during the year 1849, a young man who had lived for forty years an unhappy and shadowed life, died and was laid to rest in Père-Lachaise. About this man we can read in almost any encyclopedia, hidden amongst thousands of others like it, an account such as the following:

"Chopin, Frédéric François. Polish pianist and composer, was born in 1809. His waltzes, mazurkas, and other compositions are peculiar in melody, rhythm, and harmony, and have a great charm. He was one of the finest pianists, and his playing, like his music, had a captivating grace. He spent most of his life in Paris, where he died, 1849."

How little these few lines tell us about Chopin, the man; and about his music, so expressive of his unhappy life, and so filled with his joyful, yet intense love for Poland.

We cannot possibly know, from reading that first sentence, that from his birth, Chopin was a weak, frail child, too delicate to play with the other boys who lived nearby, and to enjoy the games and sports normally a part of a young boy's life.

Nor can we know that instead, the piano was young Frédéric's plaything; a plaything to which he became devotedly attached, and around which his whole future was centred.

Likewise, that brief paragraph communicates to us nothing of Chopin's youth, when he studied under Elsner, the conductor of the Warsaw Conservatoire; when he travelled all over Europe to hear the great musicians of his era; and when he performed upon invitation in Warsaw, and was such a success that he became a well-known personage in the musical world.

Similarly, can we learn anything concerning his music from those concise, matter-of-fact statements? They tell us that it possessed a "great charm". Yet wherein lies that charm? It lies in Chopin's belief that music is like beautiful poetry, and should be played with expression. As a result the majority of his compositions are beautiful, dreamy, and poetic; simple however, and short; and in them a love of Poland finds its deepest, sincerest expression.

Unless we look elsewhere we cannot read that Chopin, the pianist, invented a new style of composition for the piano that made chords sound richer yet not blurred, and that this style has been followed ever since his days by composers writing for the piano. We cannot read either that his playing was so superb that later, when his talent was discovered, his pupils became innumerable and his patrons were among the most distinguished men and women in Europe. The paragraph merely states that his playing had a "captivating grace".

Then we read the last sentence: "He spent most of his life in Paris". Does this tell us of his unhappy love-affair, of his grief and poverty which almost compelled him to emigrate to America, or of the popularity he later gained? Chopin's life was far more complex than such a statement intimates. He lived at the time the Polish people were attempting to free themselves from their Russian oppressors, when they were treated with inhuman cruelty, living in utmost misery and slavery. Many times they rebelled and failed, and though more and more suffering resulted from each uprising, the soul of Chopin's nation remained unbroken.

Here again we would have to search deep into another volume to find an article which would tell us that it was during one of these insurrections that Chopin wrote his Etude and Prelude, said to be immortal; and that Nicholas II, the Tsar of Russia, when he heard them played, exclaimed, "This music is dangerous! It is like guns hidden under beautiful roses".

Indeed the "poet of the piano" cannot be described in a few short lines. Chopin and his music envelop too much romance and too much beauty to be expressed in dry facts. Only through listening to sympathetic performances of his compositions can we comprehend Frédéric François Chopin's true greatness.

MARIANNE SAUNDERS,

Grade XI, Garry Hall.



### BASEMENT BOOGIE WOOGIE

or

Beat me grey and red, eight to the bar,  
From 6 in the morning to 6 by a star.

At 6 and soon after the red house is shaken  
By footsteps of gals who music are takin'.  
By dim light of moon, star and street lamp they  
tootle

Across to the school building's basement to mutil  
(ate)

Bach, Brahms and Beethoven's greatest inventions,  
And all with the finest and best of intentions.  
So during the rest of the morning are heard  
Bursts of the technique of scale and of chord.  
After a lunch which for energy's used

It's, "Please dear Miss Carter, may I be excused?"  
And during this time it's my pleasure to wander  
Into the cells of the gals who are fonder  
Of Boogie than doing their Two part Invention  
And arrangements of Fatsie and others I'd mention.  
It's then they're admonished to practise more slowly  
And stick to an exercise though it be lowly.

So thus through the day it's the same sort of thing  
For those who are learning to play and to sing.  
By 6 in the evening the sound that is best  
To the ears from above us who've not had much rest  
Is the pulse of the silence from each little cell  
And also the hushing of the old school bell.

MAURINE STEWART





*Riverbend .*





1944-45





### *Riverbend Diary*

JUNE 11TH, 1944—Church parade to Westminster.

JUNE 14TH, 1944—Graduation.

SEPTEMBER 12TH, 1944—School re-opened.

SEPTEMBER 29TH, 1944—Sports Day.

OCTOBER 4TH, 1944—House Picnics.

OCTOBER 31ST, 1944—Hallowe'en Party.

DECEMBER 8TH, 1944—Christmas Party.

DECEMBER 19TH, 1944—School closed for Christmas vacation.

JANUARY 9TH, 1945—School opened for Easter Term.

FEBRUARY 16TH, 1945—Beau and Arrow Dance.

FEBRUARY 23RD, 1945—English House Plays.

FEBRUARY 29TH, 1945—French plays.

MARCH 28TH, 1945—School dismissed for Easter vacation.

APRIL 10TH, 1945—School opened for Summer Term.

APRIL 20TH, 1945—Gym display.

APRIL 24TH, 1945—Volleyball tournament began.

MAY 4TH, 1945—Basketball tournament began.

MAY 30TH, 1945—Lilac Tea.

JUNE 10TH, 1945—Church parade to Knox.

JUNE 13TH, 1945—Graduation.



### GUIDES

The Girl Guides of 1944-1945 have made a great deal of progress under the leadership of Mary Harris, Joan Harris, and Miss Gill. The older guides are trying for their first class and the younger guides for their second class.

The girls went to two church parades and though only a few turned up we hope that next year this will improve. There was also a patrol leaders' conference which was very interesting. The guides met and saw how other companies carried on their work. A Girl Scout from the United States told us some of her adventures and outlined the uses of guiding or scouting. The color party went to Sacred Heart School where they learned how to use correctly and efficiently the flag of our country.

One of the Girl Guides' biggest undertakings was the making of a scrap-book of Canada to enter in the Bessborough Shield contest. The winning scrap-book is to be sent with specially trained guides from England to various other countries after the war.

The guides are ushering for the Shriners' Circus. In this way they have been doing service and helping the city.

The girls have made this year happy and worthwhile for their leaders and for themselves by working together to make the Sixty-Fifth Company the best yet.—J.A.H.

### BROWNIES

At Riverbend School there are Brownies—The sixty-fifth Pack. We are divided into Sixes — the Pixies, Fairies, and Elves. The three Sixers are Elizabeth Shearer, Susanne Chester, and Dulcie Ann Thomson. We all meet in the dining-room every Friday afternoon, where we have a very lovely time with our Brown Owl, Mrs. Oliver. We close the meeting with a pow-wow circle, when all the discussing is carried on. We take partners and make a tunnel which Brown Owl goes through first, and then we follow after her.—D.A.T.

### HOUSE NOTES 1944-45

School opened September the tenth. Early in October House activities began with a completely successful Sports Day. The competition between the Houses for points was very close. However York Hall won the honors in the Senior School, with Douglas gaining the highest number of points in the Junior School.

In the latter part of October the annual House Picnics took place. Garry and York joined forces to go to City Park, where they enjoyed an afternoon of games, food and mosquitoes! The girls arrived at their various destinations by bicycle or street car. Nelsonites returned to their last year's rendez-vous Fort Garry, where they played a heated ball game, finding it necessary to do a little wading for the ball. Douglas enjoyed a special treat through one of the student's kind invitation to her farm.

This year the girls made a special effort to send better Christmas hampers to three needy families. York, Nelson and Garry each sent separate hampers

of food, clothes and toys. Douglas again supplied the Douglas Point Mission kiddies with a plentiful supply of toys.

Again this year the Houses presented four one-act plays. These were ably adjudicated by Mr. Sidney Neil, who gave top honors to Garry's presentation of "Who Gets The Car Tonight?" The sale of tickets for these plays proved to be an exciting competition, with Nelson selling the greatest number.

Garry carried off the inter-House volleyball trophy. Inter-House basketball and badminton are yet to be played.

Everyone has shown keen interest in her House and has worked diligently in every venture her House has undertaken.

—F.W., M.M., M.A., E.B.

### THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

On the eve of the Christmas Holidays, the girls of the senior school were Miss Carter's guests at the Christmas party. The highlight of the evening was the presentation of skits by each class. A variety of skits were performed this year, among them the imitation of the teachers and post-war Riverbend! Following the skits, refreshments were served to complete a very enjoyable evening.—K.F.

### ENGLISH PLAYS

The English plays were such a success last year that they have become one of the annual activities of the school. This time they were all fairly short one-act comedies, chosen and directed entirely by the girls. Nelson presented "The Catalogue"; Douglas, "The Pampered Darling"; Garry, "Who Gets The Car Tonight?"; York, "Ici On Parle Francais".

Mr. Sidney Neil was kind enough to come again this year and adjudicate the plays. He gave an excellent adjudication noting especially that they had improved greatly since last year. He gave special praise to certain of the girls who acted their parts exceptionally well. For many it was their first experience on a stage, and several of these girls too received honorable mention.

The four plays, though all comedies, were nevertheless all of a different character, and therefore proved interesting and amusing to the large audience and to the girls who participated.—V.McM.

### FRENCH NIGHT

French Night, which we began last year, has also become an annual feature. Plays were presented by Grades Five to Twelve this year and all were written by Professor Glauser. There were several French songs, two of which were solos, and piano entertainment as well. The audience whole-heartedly acclaimed the evening as a great success and the girls found it most enjoyable. To Miss Sumi, whose patience, interest, and hard work made French Night the pleasing event that it was, we say "Thank you".—V.McM.



**MRS. OSBORNE'S DOLLS**

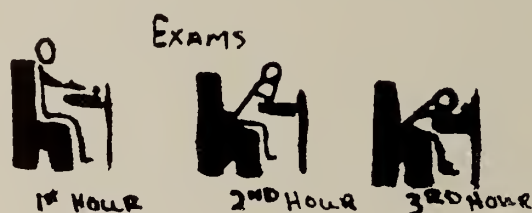
We were very pleased this year to have Mrs. Osborne visit us. She brought with her dolls, representative of various nationalities. Mrs. Osborne has travelled throughout the world and while doing so has added to her collection. Each doll wore the costume of the country to which it belonged and these costumes were exquisitely made, and showed every detail. The girls spent a delightful hour with Mrs. Osborne, who explained each doll and its costume. From this well-spent hour we gained a better knowledge of the people of other lands.

—D.R., M.M.

**OLD GIRLS' DAY**

Each year we have an Old Girls' Day which is an eventful time for all of us. Teams are chosen to play against the old girls in basketball, volleyball, and baseball, and everyone cheers heartily for both teams. Last year, for the first time, the girls decided to have a supper. Everyone enjoyed themselves and needless to say the food disappeared very quickly.

This year Old Girls' Day arrived on Wednesday, May 9, and it was great fun seeing so many of the "Old Bags", as they call themselves roaming the halls of Riverbend once again. Now that it has come and gone once more, we all look forward to Old Girls' Day next year when we will all meet again for another happy day at our old school.—F.W.

**WHAT LAST YEAR'S GRADUATES ARE DOING**

PEGGY AULD .....	at home in England
ELEANOR BANFIELD .....	University of Manitoba (Interior Decoration)
SHIRLEY BARTON .....	Grade 12, Riverbend
JEAN BROWN .....	University of Manitoba (Arts)
BARBARA CAMPBELL .....	United College (Arts)
HEATHER CARLYLE .....	in training in St. Boniface Hospital
JOAN CLEGG .....	Grade 12, Riverbend
HELEN DUNFEE .....	Grade 12 Riverbend
BEVERLY FROST .....	Grade 12, Riverbend
MARIAN HAMBLEY .....	United College (Science)
CATHERINE IRVINE .....	Grade 12, Riverbend
MARGARET JAMIESON.....	University of Manitoba (Home Economics)
MARJORIE LOVE .....	University of Manitoba (Interior Decoration)
ROBIN LITTLE .....	University of British Columbia
SHIRLEY MANNESS.....	Grade 12, United College
MARIE McCRIMMON .....	Grade 12, Riverbend
DONALDA MURDOCH .....	United College (Science)
LOIS PARKHILL .....	University of Manitoba (Commerce)
JACKIE PORTEOUS .....	Grade 12, Riverbend
JILL RIDDELL .....	working in Bank of Commerce
VALERY RAYNER.....	in training in Winnipeg General Hospital
GLADYS ROBISON .....	in training in Winnipeg General Hospital
JOYCE STEWART .....	Grade 12, United College
NANCY STOVEL .....	Angus Business College
LOUISE TREWHITT .....	Angus Business College
LEONA YOUNG .....	Angus Business College

### MISS WAUGH'S VISIT

In April, we were very fortunate to have a visit from Miss Waugh, the assistant executive secretary of the Manitoba Association of Registered Nurses. Miss Waugh discussed all the different aspects of nursing, and passed around pamphlets and scrap-books for the students to see. She answered questions concerning the welfare, living conditions, and remuneration of the nurses. Miss Waugh's talk was very interesting to all of us, and especially so to the students who are planning to take up nursing for their profession.—A.G.

### LILAC TEA

Lilac time in Winnipeg is the signal for Riverbend's annual Lilac Tea in aid of the Fresh Air Camp fund of the United Church. Every year it's a race between the lilac blossoms and the tea planners, and every year the school holds its breath and hopes for fine weather. All went well in 1944. The weather and the lilacs cooperated perfectly. Douglas had its table in the nook between the White House and the gymnasium building. Nelson House girls drew a shady space just off the driveway and kept the drive hosed in case of dust. York's table had a lovely natural background of lilacs against the garage. Garry held the end garden. The proceeds, we estimate, would give twenty children two weeks each at the lake.

Riverbend thanks many friends for turning out so faithfully to the annual Lilac Tea, and hopes to see them all again when lilac time arrives.—M.M.

### GRADUATION—'44

The fifteenth graduation of Riverbend School was a day to be long cherished in the hearts of the class of "44". Everyone felt that it was a most solemn occasion and we were more than a little sad at the thought of leaving Riverbend behind us.

The day couldn't have been more beautiful if the girls had especially arranged it. In the morning, we, the graduating class expressed our farewells to the school in the singing of several songs to which appropriate words had been composed.

With great excitement, yet harbouring at the same time a feeling of awe for the much-looked-forward-to ceremony, we made our way to Westminster Church in the early afternoon. A most interesting address was given by Mr. A. V. Pigott to the twenty-five graduates. Mr. Pigott's speech made a deep imprint on our minds and his words impressed on us our responsibilities in the coming years.

The beauty of the day made it possible for the traditional garden party to be held immediately following the Exercises. We couldn't help feeling a little proud when, in our white frocks, brightened by colourful corsages, we posed for the graduation pictures.

Later Lois Parkhill, our head-girl, gave a delightful dinner party preceding the dance held in the evening. These festivities terminated this momentous occasion and as the couples twirled happily at the end of an eventful and perfect day, we realized that Riverbend and its many happy hours would linger long in our memories.

—S.B., J.C.

### LIBRARY NOTES

Plans for the enlargement of the Riverbend School library are now in progress and we hope that soon the wall between the Grades One and Two room and the library will be removed and the two rooms made into one.

For this proposed new library many books have been donated by the parents and friends of the girls, and by the girls themselves. We are very grateful for these gifts as they have been a great help in making ours a library of excellent reading material, and to those who so kindly gave them we offer our sincerest thanks.

The money that is collected from pound and from overdue books is used for the purchase of new books. The alumnae also gave part of the proceeds from their dance to the library fund.

Although we have a library filled with interesting books, both fiction and non-fiction, only a few of the younger girls consistently take advantage of it. Many of the books recommended for supplementary reading are now to be found on the shelves and we hope that more and more Riverbenders will be reading them. The library is yours, girls. Use it!

—C.I., M.S.

### THE BEAU AND ARROW PROM

On February the sixteenth at nine-thirty, the Riverbend Alumnae presented their annual co-ed ball. The gym was appropriately decorated in a true Valentine fashion. Red and white streamers draped on the walls were terminated by large red hearts bearing the traditional bow and arrow of Danny Cupid.

The dress of the co-ed this year was optional, and the uniform of His Majesty's forces mingled with the informal and formal attire of the other guests.

Several "coke" parties held previous to the dance added to the enjoyment of all who attended.

Everyone was warmly greeted in the grade seven and eight classroom by the reception committee: Miss J. M. Carter, our principal; Mrs. E. E. Peterson; Mr. and Mrs. G. Smith; Mr. and Mrs. Huggard; and Mr. and Mrs. R. Parkhill.

The guests who were close companions of "Lady Luck" were lured to the grade three and four classroom by the sharp clicking of the roulette-wheels, while other pleasure seekers "swooned" and swayed to the "sweet and low" music produced by Al Parkin and his orchestra.

At one o'clock the crowd, in search of a snack, dispersed to various homes and restaurants, thus ending a very successful evening.—N. McL.



## A BOARDER'S DAY

A piercing, shrieking, weird sound,  
A mighty, banging, noisy pound,  
I raise my head and look around,  
It is time to get up.

"Surely at this unearthly time  
I'm not expected to rise and shine",  
Say I—and liking my bed fine,  
Go back to sleep.

A bear is shaking me in my dreams.  
Oh no, just my room-mate, and it seems  
That I have five minutes before the breakfast bell  
screams,  
Out I get with a bound.

With a jump and a shriek I am dressed in a jiffy,  
Then swish out the door to queue to the biffy,  
Take time to say "wow" to a hair-do quite nifty,  
The breakfast bell rings.

By now we're quite ready for something to eat,  
So over to breakfast we go on the beat,  
First, of course, there are the White Housers to  
greet,  
We're ravenous now.

Back to the room to tidy like mad,  
To make up our beds in a manner quite sad,  
By the way Mrs. Reid hopes our latest's a fad—  
Still she does love us all (!)

Off to the schoolhouse we daintily trip,  
Into the fountain of knowledge to dip,  
And from Riverbend teachers I have learned one  
wise tip,  
Do your homework or else . . . . .

Until four o'clock, the time drags on like a snail,  
But at last the bell rings and we race for the mail,  
Whether we're loved or we're not—this will now tell  
the tale—  
Well, there's always tomorrow.

And now it's some washing, or a letter to write,  
Or perhaps to the drug store to have a wee bite,  
But of course there's dinner at six every night,  
"Thank goodness", say we.

After dinner it's way for some fun in the gym,  
But the inevitable—we are forced to calm down our  
vim,  
And 'till bedtime we study 'till our poor eyes are  
dim,  
Well, anyway, study (?)

But here I am back where I began my way,  
And as I climb into bed, to myself softly say;  
"I am now at the end of a perfect day.  
. . . . . Amen".

MARION BELL,

Grade XI, Garry Hall

## MY VISIT TO THE BLIND INSTITUTE

On Friday, May 12th, in company with nine girls from this school I visited the Institute for the Blind on Portage Avenue, and spent a very interesting time there.

Before my visit, I always thought that a blind person was very nearly helpless. Blindness is a very sad thing, but I had not been in the Institute very long before I understood that a blind person is not helpless by any means.

One has only to spend just a few hours at the Institute to understand that the handicap of blindness has been greatly overcome, and that blind people can not only read and write but also make their own living by sewing, basket-making, weaving, broom-making, and dress-making. Some are even very good piano players and there are several blind piano tuners in Winnipeg.

During our short visit we were taken right through the Institute, first visiting the sewing room. Here, several blind ladies were busy at their machines sewing up house dresses and aprons. The lady in charge is sighted and is there to help anyone in trouble. Work in this room is just like any other sewing room and it was hard for me to believe that it was being done by blind people. In this room was a machine which could cut twelve dresses or other articles at one time.

Our next visit was to the mop and broom-making room. These are made from corn stalks brought from the Southern States and Argentina. It is a special sort of corn stalk, small and smooth, but very strong. Numbers of these corn stalks are bound together by a machine and then the ends are cut so that they are even. The handles of the brooms come from British Columbia and are made out of Douglas Fir. Some of the brooms made are sold in Winnipeg but a great number are sent to the United States of America and also to Great Britain.

Next, we visited the store where all of the articles made at the Institute are for sale. I was glad to hear that a great many Winnipeg people are regular customers and that most of the things made by the blind people are soon sold. All of the things for sale were well made. I think we all should buy whatever we need through this store to help these people earn their own living. It will keep them happy I am sure.

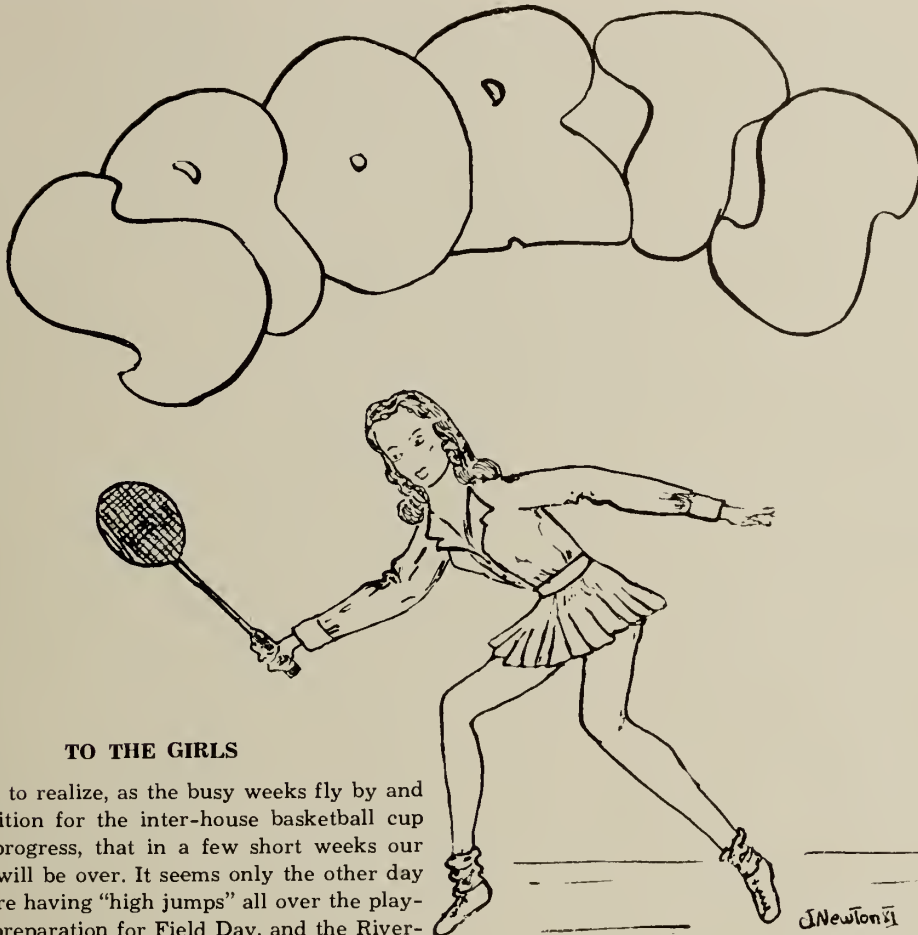
The library was the next place we visited. Here we met Miss Marcum, a blind music teacher, who is also in charge of the library and teaches the children to read.

All the books for the blind are written in Braille. This is a system of raised points or dots. This idea was first thought of by a Frenchman, but Louis Braille, a blind teacher who had been blind since the age of three, was the man who really perfected this system so that it could be used by all blind people.

Regular classes for children are held five days a week and at the present time there are eighteen pupils. These children are taken to and from school in a special bus.

Here our visit to the Institute ended. I can say I enjoyed my visit very much.

DIANE JOHNSON, Grade VI, York Hall



### TO THE GIRLS

It is hard to realize, as the busy weeks fly by and the competition for the inter-house basketball cup is still in progress, that in a few short weeks our final term will be over. It seems only the other day that we were having "high jumps" all over the playground in preparation for Field Day, and the Riverbend theme song became "Oh I'm So Stiff."

This was really my first opportunity to become acquainted and to form plans and opinions for the year ahead. Often I have had occasion to congratulate myself on the happy choice which was made when the Sports Captains were elected. In every way these girls have given the greatest assistance in carrying out the sports programme. Any success that has been attained has been entirely due to the fact that they have so cheerfully and capably carried out their responsibilities. Their example has been emulated by every girl in the school and I am indeed grateful for the co-operation and teamwork which has been shown by the school as a whole.

This was particularly true during the strenuous preparations for our "Gymnastic Display". At this time particularly I felt that you were working with me rather than for me. The high point of that occasion was when I went to the gym for a practice and found the senior girls already in order and starting to carry on the routine without my direction. That is self discipline in its best form.

The achievements for the year cannot be measured in games won or lost. These things are transitory and soon forgotten. The gain that will remain with you always is the fact that you have played the game to the best of your ability and have shown an appreciation for the efforts of your team mates and your opponents. These qualities are valuable and are assets which are a credit to you and to your school.

A. R. SADLER

### SPORTS

There is no surer road to the goal of perfect health than regular exercise both in and out of doors, and every girl should have knowledge of at least one sport or recreation. That is our aim at Riverbend. Every girl is given a chance to show her ability.

At Riverbend we not only specialize in games but in apparatus and floor work as well. The girls love the apparatus work and are eager to try new and daring things.

In the Fall, the girls started playing basketball. They seemed very enthusiastic about this game and when playing against other schools they did very well. Although we did not win all the games the girls gained experience and enjoyed themselves.

During the winter term, volleyball was the girls' main interest. We again entered the Inter-High School Volleyball League. Miss Martin was again the faithful coach of our team, and we all appreciated her capable directions and patience with us.

This year's Gym display was a great success and we owe a vote of thanks to Mrs. Sadler for all that she did towards it. In closing I would like to thank on behalf of the girls, all those who took an interest in the sports and Mrs. Sadler and Miss Martin for all they have done for us this year.

GAIL GRAHAM, Sports Captain





*Back Row (left to right): Grace Rich, Audrey Haverstick, Jane Bull, Mar guerite Purkess, Norma Jamieson.*

*Front Row (left to right): Donna Stevenson, Shirley Dawson, Evelyn Dunitée, Gail Graham, Ellen Kinneard, Nora McLeod, Marie McCrimmon.*

### VOLLEYBALL

All is peaceful in the gym, until five minutes after four when several ambitious volleyball players wander in. The swing fans rush to the piano their daily fifteen minute jam session, while the non-music lovers put up the net and begin to practice. This happy interlude ends, however, upon the entrance of Miss Martin, our volleyball coach. Then the playing (I don't mean piano) begins in earnest. Thus a typical practice of the Riverbend volleyball team commences.

For the third successive year, under the excellent coaching of Miss Martin, the team entered the Inter-High School League of Winnipeg. We used a 6-man team according to the rules of the league. The complete team consisted of nine players, including substitutes. We did very well considering the strong opposition we had from more experienced players. The girls enjoyed meeting the other schools and in this way made many new friends.

This year, for the second time, we played Inter-House volleyball games. Six-man teams were used here also. Each House played three games as there are four Houses in the school. The total scores were the deciding factors and as a result, Garry Hall won the competition. All Houses showed excellent sportsmanship.

Volleyball is a comparatively new sport in the school but it is gradually growing in popularity. Soon it will be on par with basketball which is at present the favourite.

A banquet at "Childs" ended the season. It was attended by Mrs. Sadler, Miss Martin and the team. The dinner was followed by an evening of bowling.

SHIRLEY SWAIL,  
Grade XI, Douglas Hall.

### RIVERBEND FIELD DAY

September 29th, 1944.

The Field Day was held in the fall of 1944. Due to a surplus of events to take place in the spring it was necessary that Field Day take place before the cold weather set in. Although the girls were not exactly up to the standards they would have been in spring, they made an excellent showing.

There were a large number of new girls in the school, which made it difficult for the House sports captains to select the possible winners. However, the co-operation and House-spirit of the girls was indeed gratifying. Mrs. Sadler, our gym mistress, was new then also, and the girls appreciated her interest in the affair.

The girls really worked hard and as a result their efforts were rewarded as you can see from the list below.—I.M.S.

#### EVENTS—DASH

Grades 1 and 2—1st, Colleen Moore; 2nd, Margaret McMurray; 3rd, Patty-Lou Riddell.  
Grades 3 and 4—1st, Elizabeth Shearer; 2nd, Arleigh Hutchinson; 3rd, Daphne Burns.  
Grades 5 and 6—1st, Clementine McNern; 2nd, Anne Campbell; 3rd, Diane Johnson.  
Grades 7, 8 and 9—1st, Pat McCarthy; 2nd, Lorna McCarthy; 3rd, Donna Smale.

Grades 10, 11 and 12—1st, Norma Jamieson; 2nd, Leona Young; 3rd, Virginia McMillan.

#### OBSTACLE RACE

Grades 7, 8 and 9—1st, Carolyn Dowler; 2nd, Julie Anne Harris; 3rd, Joy Knox.

#### THREE LEGGED RACE

Grades 3, 4, 5 and 6—1st, Barbara Lennox and Barbara Dryborough; 2nd, Arleigh Hutchinson and Susanne Chester; 3rd, Diane Calder and Cecily Ann Gunn.

#### HOUSE RELAY

1st, York Hall; 2nd, Douglas Hall; 3rd, Garry Hall.

#### HIGH JUMP

Grades 1 and 2—1st, Patty-Lou Riddell; 2nd, Colleen Moore; 3rd, Gusti Leach and Margaret McMurray (tied).

Grades 3 and 4—1st, Daphne Burns; 2nd, Dulcie Ann Thomson; 3rd, Arleigh Hutchinson.

Grades 5 and 6—1st, Anne Campbell; 2nd, Barbara Dryborough; 3rd, Clementine McNern.

Grades 7, 8 and 9—1st, Joan Carruthers; 2nd, Pat McCarthy; 3rd, Gwen Alsip.

Grades 10, 11 and 12—1st, Muryn Anderson; 2nd, Mary Elizabeth Judd; 3rd, Gail Graham.

#### ARCHERY

1st, Isobel Slater; 2nd, Norma Jamieson; 3rd, Joan Clegg and Shirley Swail (tied).

#### BROAD JUMP

Grades 7, 8 and 9—1st, Pat McCarthy and Mary McIntosh (tied); 2nd, Mercedes George; 3rd, Lois Huggard.

Grades 10, 11 and 12—1st, Ellen Kinneard; 2nd, Audrey East; 3rd, Nora McLeod.

#### TOTAL NUMBER OF POINTS

Garry .....	36
Douglas .....	39
Nelson .....	42
York .....	45

#### JUNIOR

Douglas .....	22
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#### SENIOR

York .....	35
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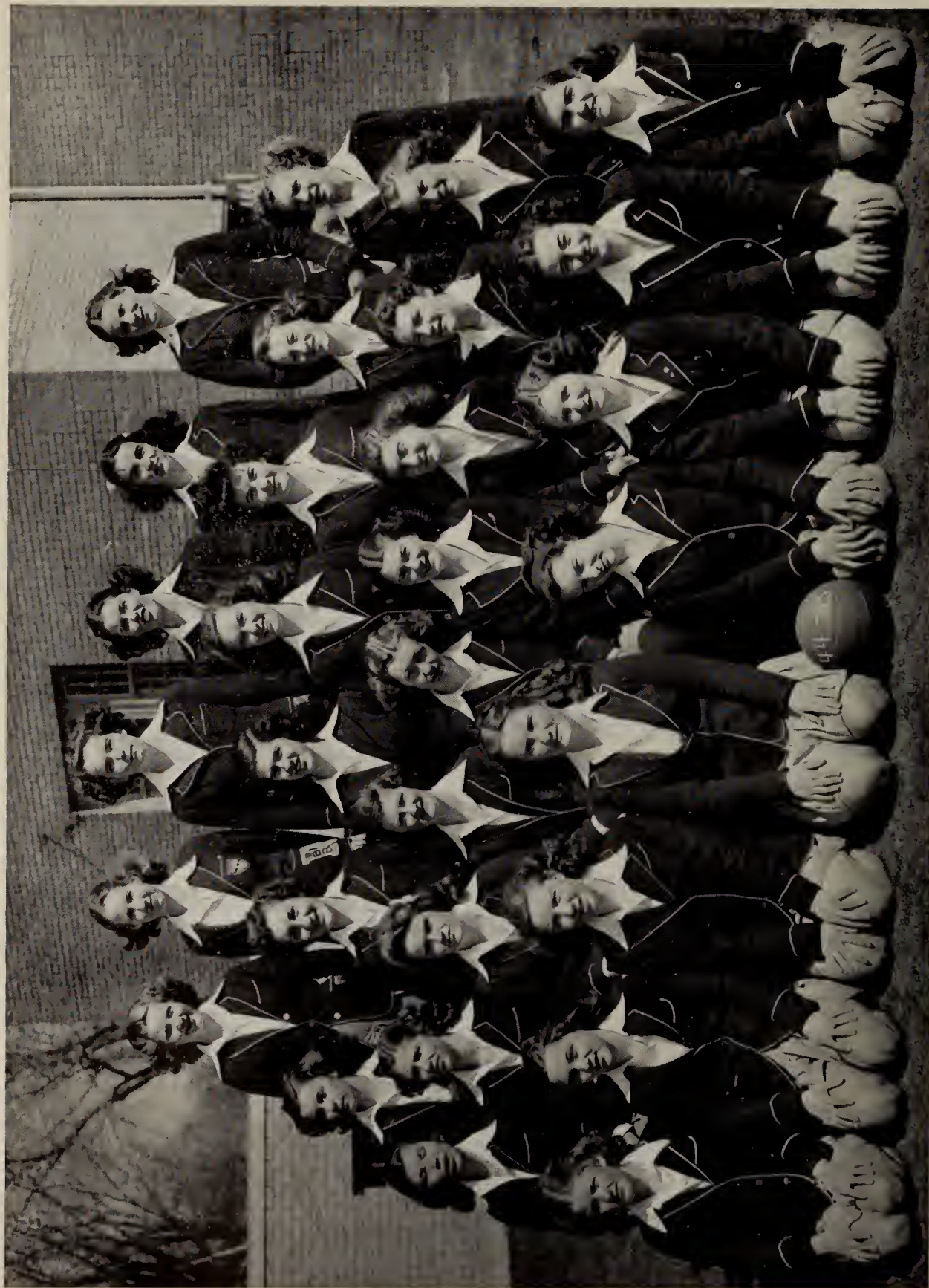
### BOWLING

In the fall Mrs. Sadler asked the girls if they would like to take up bowling as an additional sport and their reply was most enthusiastic. As a result Mrs. Sadler arranged for the alleys and four groups were organized. Every Monday after study the girls and Mrs. Sadler went to a recreation centre and played at least two games each time.

Due to the commencement of Christmas examinations, bowling was temporarily discontinued, and over the holidays the alleys were loaned to someone else. Other ones were not available at the time we wanted them; House plays and basketball practices took up the majority of the time, and consequently bowling remained off the schedule. We hope that the girls will find or make time next year to take up bowling again.

We sincerely wish to thank Mrs. Sadler for arousing our interest in this activity and we believe that bowling will certainly be continued in future years.





*Front Row (left to right):* Shelagh Lawson, Carolyn Dowler, Luis Huggard, Julie Ann Harris, Donna Smale, Lorna McCarthy, June Baker, Donna Barrett.  
*Second Row:* Ruthe Miles, Shirley Froggley, Josephine Riley, Norma Jamieson, Virginia McMillan, Donna Stevenson, Marguerite Purkess, Marion Anderson, Shirley Dawson.  
*Third Row:* Mary Mackay, Marjory Lynn McIntyre, Evelyn Dunfee, Jane Bull, Muryn Anderson, Joan Newton, Frances White.  
*Fourth Row:* Shirley Swail, Isobel Slater, Ellen Kinneard, Gail Graham, Jean Carruthers, Marie McCrimmon.



**BASKETBALL 1944-45**

The favourite sport of many in our school is basketball. Early in the season it is evident that there will be keen competition to gain a place on one of the four teams. Each team is composed of six girls; three of whom are forwards and three of whom are guards. The forwards endeavor to make a number of baskets and the guards to prevent the opposing team from scoring. As well as the six necessary for a complete team there are always two or more extras. These extras are the ones who save the team from becoming too tired, thus they greatly strengthen it.

The girls who attend the basketball practices find that they get a great deal of vigorous exercise as well as a great deal of fun out of them. The speed and spirit of the game increases more and more until the school bell is either unheard or ignored. As a result players often hear members of the staff bemoaning the fact that a good two-thirds of the classes are missing when lessons should commence.

One or another of the players often takes over the refereeing. This usually finishes by everyone in the game going wild. At this point it seems that everyone knows just a little bit more than the next fellow about the game. When Mrs. Sadler takes the whistle and recommences to referee the game proceeds in quite an orderly fashion although many have sore vocal chords!

We try to see that as many girls as possible play at a game. This does not always build the strongest team. That makes little difference to us for we all like to see the other fellow get a chance to play. This year there is a shortage of practice time, so the House games which are played annually are being played off under this handicap. Last year the match was tough and boisterous. All the scores were close and excitement ran high during the finals.

Riverbend plays in a small league against St. Mary's Academy and Rupert's Land. Both schools have strong, well-trained teams. It is interesting to play against them. We play girls' rules. There are three six minute periods, with a short intermission between each. At odd times our teams play boys' rules, mixed with our own, against some of the public schools such as Kelvin. This makes a faster game and necessitates one of the boys to keep pace with it as referee.

At a victorious game we lustily shout the school yell which is only used by the teams after a match has been won. We always try to live up to our school yell which is . . . . .

"We stand for the right,  
We fight a good fight,  
In work or in play  
We show them the way.  
We all pull together  
No matter the weather.  
We love and obey  
The Red and the Grey.  
Riverbend! Riverbend!  
Rip! Rah! Ray!!"

By far the most exciting game played this year was one at Rupert's Land. It was a fast game and

difficult to referee. The forwards of both teams were right "on shot" and the guards were kept hopping to prevent too much success on the part of the opposition. At the end of each period the teams came off the floor to relax and enjoy "the fruits of their labours" kindly supplied by the home team.

We would all like to express our gratitude to Mrs. Sadler who, through her efficient coaching led us to many successes. We also wish to thank Mrs. Kobold who gave so much of her valuable time to referee our games.

We of the senior teams urge you girls to turn out to the games. If you are not a basketball fan, come out anyway and cheer your teams to victory.

Keep basketball your favourite sport and let's use that yell!!

ELLEN KINNEARD,  
Grade XI, York Hall.

**GYM DISPLAY**

Riverbend has once more put on a Gym Display for the parents and friends of the pupils. During the two weeks between the Easter holidays and the date of the Display, the girls and Mrs. Sadler put in many strenuous hours of work. Dancing, skipping, and floor work routines were figured out and put into practice almost immediately. The juniors and the seniors jointly worked with Mrs. Sadler to make the Display a success.

Everyone had an equal share in the importance of the event. Each girl was given an opportunity to take part in that which most interested her. Due to the complete co-operation of the girls with the staff, it is felt that the Gym Display was a great success. Many thanks to Mrs. Sadler, Mrs. Coghill, and Miss Stuart.—I.M.S.

**BADMINTON**

This year the lines on the Gym floor were arranged in a different manner. The Badminton Courts were reduced from three to one. This meant that four girls instead of twelve could play at one time and we felt that difference strongly.

Like all other sports this year, practice time has been cut short and as a result there has not been a great deal of Badminton played. At noon, girls have gone up in groups of perhaps four to eight, and made excellent use of the half hour before classes in the afternoon.

At night the boarders and some of the members of the staff often play. They get two full hours of play before it is necessary to go to bed.

House badminton tournaments take place annually. These are always successful and the Houses are out in full force to support their players. We have a few excellent players, and from time to time they have entered inter-school tournaments and have come out "tops".

The school is interested in Badminton and with the return of "birds" and good equipment in general, we hope to strengthen the Badminton spirit here.





# GYM DISPLAY

1. Joanie presents flowers to Mrs. Sadler.
2. "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."
3. Gail goes over the top—again!
4. "Alley-oop."
5. Ten and Eleven point the way.
6. Head over heels (or should it be the other way around?).







## PRIZE ESSAY

## The Whole of Canada is Greater Than the Sum of its Parts

The battles of Europe are over now, and in our hearts we hope to build the kind of peace that will make Poland a friend of Germany, France a friend of Italy—every country a friend of every other country. We look toward the east and toward the west, and say that there are countries we must rebuild to become a part of a new and better League of Nations. We look toward South America, and say that there we must teach the durability of democratic government. We search far and wide for peace work, and all the time there is an empty wood box and plenty of wood to chop in our own yard.

Canada has not been broken down by the blitz, nor lost by a government undermining the people. Canada has had a conscientious government, a dutiful people. We have won the European war, now we must strive equally hard to save our Canadian peace. It is not the peace of 1945 alone; it goes back as far as 1763, when the French and English united to become the future Canadians.

We united, but we have never been one. We came closest to this while Laurier was Prime Minister. He spent his lifetime trying to unite Quebec and the other provinces of Canada. He did not fully succeed. Yet in two years, we could accomplish what one man's lifetime did not. I say we could, but only if Canadians, French-speaking and English-speaking sincerely wish to do so.

The causes which keep us apart are mainly those same causes which Laurier found. There is our difference of Language. In 1763 Britain promised that the French settlers should have permission to continue using their own language. And then, you remember, by the Quebec Act of 1774, that right was renewed. This was a promise by Britain to the French-speaking people of Canada. We of the English-speaking element say that the French-speaking people do not wish to learn English. But the English-speaking people wish less to learn French, for more French have learned to speak English than vice versa. And if we say that the French spoken in Quebec is not pure French, then the answer is that it is not all Parisian, but it is as pure as French spoken anywhere, and the colloquialisms in it are strictly Canadian. We who speak English have little reason to criticize French-Canadian pronunciation. The great variety of ways in which the most simple English words are pronounced is shown by one of Bernard Shaw's statements. He said that out of a pronunciation committee for the B.B.C., no two members pronounced the two words "yes" or "no" exactly alike. Then too, in our Motherland, one needs only to travel a few hours from London to hear dialects other than common English spoken. I have heard on our streets, in the city, and in the country, many different languages spoken. Little agitation is caused by those people retaining their languages. Why then, should we emphasize the fact that French is spoken on our streets? In Russia, one hundred

and forty languages are spoken, yet does anyone now doubt the unity of Russia?

The next difficulty in attaining complete Canadian unity is distinction between the two major religious groups in our country. Ninety per cent of the people of Quebec are, of course, Roman Catholic; while the majority in other provinces are Protestant. There is no doubt that the priests have influenced the people of Quebec greatly and have, to some extent, retarded their development, especially in the rural areas. But there are "Pharisees" on both sides unwilling to admit their wrongs. If each side would compromise a little, the gulf would diminish so much more quickly. In Germany sixty per cent of the people declared themselves Protestant; forty per cent, Roman Catholic. Although the German unity was temporary under Nazism, it was once a strong union. Surely Canada, with Democracy, and high ideals, could build a permanent union of her people.

On July 1st, 1943, a great step was taken in solving one of Quebec's greatest problems—lack of education. On that date, the compulsory Education Act, resembling that of other provinces, went into force. There have not been two years for this act to influence Canada, yet steps have already been taken towards inter-provincial educational committees. More such discussion is needed. I think too, that if French-Canadian and English-speaking, Protestant and Roman Catholic youth would go to the same schools and universities, many lasting friendships could be made. By associating with each other to such an extent as this, they would become wonderful pals, and in the future generation, complete Canadian unity would exist.

"Fear promotes hatred." This is no less true in Canada than anywhere in the world. The Anglo-Saxon fears the French-Canadian; the French-Canadian fears the Anglo-Saxon. The fears of the Anglo-Saxon are numerous. We fear the French-Canadian birthrate, for we fear that the French speaking population will rise to equal or exceed that of the English-speaking element. We fear the different views we hold on life—the French-Canadian standard of living. And it is lower, as anyone who has lived in the province will admit. The rural districts are especially backward. Out of people who own automobiles in Canada, Quebec has only nineteen percent to the average thirty-seven percent. We are fearful, and bitter, because we believe that French-Canada did little for the war effort. This belief is based, not on fact, but on the speeches and actions of a few of the French-Canadian people. Would it not be as logical then, for the French-Canadians to judge us by a group such as that in Toronto, which sometime after the outbreak of war, passed resolutions demanding the withdrawal of the French-Canadians? It would be quite similar to judge all Norway by Quisling. The French-Canadians have enlisted well and have served gallantly in the war.

On the other hand are the fears which the French-Canadians hold towards us. They feel that they are the "step-children" and resulting from this comes their feeling of insecurity. They fear that they will be assimilated by the Anglo-Saxons. They are the minority of thirty-seven percent of the Canadian population; therefore they fear a change in the B.N.A. Act at their expense. A feeling that they are excluded from the Federal Civil Service, and other situations such as high ranks in the Army and Navy, exists among them. If this is true, then it is only so because they are not qualified for the positions. I feel certain that this feeling will soon pass away when the results of the Compulsory Education Act have taken effect. The French-speaking Canadians have a fear too, of being confined to a Quebec reserve. Yet there are those among us who believe that the French-Canadians wish to dominate the whole of Canada. They are not striving for domination; they are striving rather, for survival. They want their ancestral ways of life to live on. As their outlook on life is broadened by general education, they will no doubt realize the foolishness of this in many instances.

The English-speaking Canadians fear the influence of the French-Canadians on the Canadian Government; while the French-Canadians similarly fear the English-speaking majority. One example of this is the late Hon. Mr. Lapointe. Some, in the English-speaking provinces said that Canada was being run by him and the Province of Quebec. Contrarily, some in Quebec said that Lapointe was selling out his own province to the rest of the country. There never have been sixty-five Quebec French-speaking members at Ottawa, for there are always some English-speaking Protestants representing the province. Neither have all Quebec members belonged to one party. The French-Canadian representatives of Quebec are not a pact. They are a well divided representation of the province. Thus our fear of Quebec is without solid foundation.

Each group has become so encased in its own fears and prejudices that it seems to forget the honorable history of the other. Quebec has not recalled the splendid terms she received by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, when Britain gained Canada. On the other hand, we forget that while Quebec was newly British, those same people refused to join the American War for Independence against Britain. Had they done so, it might have proved very disastrous for Canada at that time.

In many cases, these prejudices are promoted by nothing other than ignorance. We have had compulsory education for years, yet many believe that Quebec is virtually an agricultural province. This is not true, for about one-third of Canada's manufacturing is done in Quebec, while agriculture is secondary. If then, we came to know each other better, if we discussed our problems frankly and wisely with one another so that all sides of the problem were considered by both people, our problem would already be partially solved.

It would not be fair to say that no attempts are now being made to solve this problem. There are groups that are working strenuously to promote

unity in Canada. Such groups may be represented by that one which travels throughout Canada, staging plays with Canadian unity as their theme. All the members of this group speak both French and English. Bi-lingual radio stations is another step that is now being attempted. These stations, sponsoring programmes for us both, should bring us much closer together. We should have also, a bi-lingual weekly newspaper where one of the great freedoms could be exercised with a view toward a united Canada.

All these are important steps which should be taken—some have already been begun—to bring about a more genuine and stronger union of Quebec and the rest of Canada. Yet these alone will accomplish little if the spirit of the English-speaking, together with that of the French-speaking people of Canada, is not behind the attempts to become friends, with the common name, Canadian, and the common nation, Canada. We have won the war. Now let us win the peace with a spirit of goodwill and friendship, tolerance and understanding. With them, Canada can attain that of which King George VI spoke, when in his address from Winnipeg, 1939 he said:

"The sense of race may be a dangerous and disrupting force, but the English and French have shown in Canada that they can keep the pride and distinctive culture which it inspires while yet combining to establish a broader freedom and security than either could have established alone."

MARION BELL, Grade XI, Garry Hall.

#### OUR DOG JIM

I have a little doggie  
And I call him Jim;  
He likes to disobey me  
And play in our coal-bin.

Sometimes he stays away  
And we have to hunt for him;  
We'll find him in forbidden places,  
He's a bad dog, is our Jim.

Although he disobeys me  
I love him all the same;  
He might be bad at times, I know,  
Yet to punish him is a shame.

His eyes are brown and bright,  
His tail is short — it sways,  
His ears prick up at any sound,  
He has peculiar ways.

CLEMENTINE McNERN, Grade VI, York Hall

#### SKATING

Once again the students at Riverbend enjoyed a healthful season of skating. Books were temporarily pushed aside as the girls scurried over to their Langside rink. Happy, carefree pupils thronged over the ice during noon hours and gym periods to try their luck at this artful sport. Those who wished to develop their skating abilities further, had ample opportunity at the Friday, after-school classes held at the Amphitheatre. Judging by the numbers who dotted the rink at every possible moment, skating was truly a successful activity this year.—N.J.



## MEETING

The old farmhouse in Germany seemed taller and blacker as the snow fell quietly about it on the ground. The glow on the snow from the setting sun dipping behind the clouds, showed the tall chimney and ruined walls. The frame of the door was standing and only open spaces remained for windows. Here, once stood the sentinel of the hill but now only the ruins of war.

Inside the farmhouse battered chairs and tables lay collapsed on the floor or leaning against the walls. Only a space had been cleared for a fire and a pile of straw in a corner showed the habitation of a human.

A small figure was working over the dim light of the fire making supper. Her face was haggard and sorrowful as the shadows flickered back and forth. Not until she was finished did she rest her tired, weak body.

As she rested, she became aware of another presence and then her eyes searched the surrounding darkness. Slowly one of the shadows moved and took the form of a man, and quietly, before she realized what had happened he had asked her a question.

"Who are you, and what is your nationality?"

She thought subconsciously, "He speaks good German", and answered

"Gretchen Weger, a member of the Youth Organization of Germany".

She glanced toward the figure in the darkness. He was tall and looked strong and healthy. He had fair hair and light eyes, his features were strong and definite. He was dressed in an odd uniform and she immediately placed him as a Russian soldier.

"Give me food and rest and then I will go", he commanded.

Quietly she started to do it and then she realized what she was doing. Still, he spoke very good German.

"Why should I serve you?"

His eyes blazed for a minute and then he turned to her and said,

"Sit down and stay seated."

Quietly he moved and soon the food was ready.

He turned and sat down eating his food. The girl's food still remained on the fire. With her voice full of anger she asked him,

"May I get my food?"

He looked at her quietly and said, "Yes!"

She moved toward the fire and took the remaining food. Turning she tried to face him but her shadow crossed his face and she could not see him and slowly she had to retreat to her corner.

He was seated by the wall, his head resting upon it. His eyes never closed but remained watching her. After about five minutes she arose and saying nothing stepped into the gathering gloom. He was nearly invisible when he turned and made a dramatic pause and said,

"I am Russian."

She, herself, at the moment was not looking at him and when he said this, she turned and said, "I know."

He took two steps toward her, paused and said,

"You know! Then why did you give me, a Russian scout, food and rest?"

"You remind me of my friend whom I have not seen for eight years. You also are the first Russian I have met and you have disillusioned me and my faith in what I thought Russians were; and now I am beginning to see my faith has been based on lies."

Her eyes filled with tears for loyalty to Germany.

He turned to her and said,

"The village at the foot of this hill will fall to the Russians by tomorrow. Leave these ruins and travel north for a mile till you come to the cross-roads, there is a cottage there. Stay there. The Russians will come soon, but will not kill you. I was going to let you die, for I have seen many Germans and made my own conclusions. You are

the first I've met who realized they are wrong. You are not to die with the others. Go now."

He turned to leave when she called him back again.

"Why did you tell me you are Russian?"

He turned and then without shame or hesitation answered,

"You also remind me of someone—my sister."

They searched each other's face to fathom the answer but there was none. The Russian vanished into the dark and again she was left by a dying fire.

The silence ended in a sigh and spoken thoughts,

"You have lied and been unfaithful, Germany, and, so have I."

There was only a sob and then the dying fire turned to embers and only the coals and ashes remained to guard the deserted farmhouse.

The sun rose and this time instead of a Hitler salute, a figure was kneeling. Hands were clasped and beside her was a mystic figure which also seemed to kneel.

Only one word reached the cold February sun, "God."

JULIA ANN HARRIS, Grade 8, Douglas Hall.

## MAY 7TH

Five years, eight months, and four days

Of planning, preparing, and building,

Slaving, fighting, and praying,

Praying with all our hearts that we

Might, in the end, victorious be.

Praying too that those, not long dead,

Might not know

We failed to carry the torch,

They DID throw.

Praying we were doing our share

To back the boys going over there.

We knew they were tired,

And that many were dead,

But, please God, we cried, give us courage and strength

To keep forging ahead.

To keep forging ahead to truer things,

To peace that has no bitter springs.

Our prayers were answered.

Our work, we hope, will soon be done,

And then, as never before, there will be

An everlasting peace,

Peace 'to all men 'neath the sun'.

Five years, eight months, and four days—then

Victory; victory and soon, Please God, peace.

JANE BULL Grade XI, Nelson House

## THE LITTLE LOST RABBITS

On a hill lived a family of six rabbits, father and mother and four little rabbits. The little rabbits wanted to go into the big forest to play with the big bunnies, so Benjamin, Pinkeye, Cottontail and Bugs went to ask their father and mother whose names were Mr. and Mrs. Pufftail. They found mother baking a chocolate cake and father reading the evening paper. They decided not to bother asking them, so they went on their own into the big forest. They went merrily on their way, played tag and games and sang songs till it got quite dark. When they got out of the big forest they did not know which road to take. Their parents were worried and set out to look for them. Finally they found them and made them promise never to go out into the big forest again without asking their parents' permission.

DULCIE ANN THOMSON, Grade IV, York Hall

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PAIR OF SKIS

We began life on a spring day in 1937. What a glorious day for two little buds to begin life on a hickory tree! We were cradled deep in a forest, lulled to sleep every night by a babbling brook and awakened every morning by the gentle voice of mother wind calling us to blossom out into tiny branches tipped with green. In time we developed into fine sturdy limbs—strong yet very supple.

One day loggers came. They stalked through the forest pulling down the branches and caring not where they trod. Ruthlessly we were felled and then sent floating down the river. It was useless to try any means of escape for every time we tried, we were jabbed with long spikes.

All night long we wondered what fate would befall us and in the morning we could have realized no worse doom, for there in front of us was the saw mill, and we could hear the screeching of the other logs as they went through its clutches. There, stripped of our bark and minus our branches, we underwent a most terrible operation, too gruesome to describe. Finally we emerged into the sunshine, flat, with no curves, but glad to be alive.

Then, we were taken to a sports goods factory and were made into a lovely little pair of skis. "Now", said we, "we shall get some action."

Soon a nice man came into the store where we were lying. He wanted a pair of skis for his small daughter who was going to be the best skier in the world. Out of the store we went, to the would-be champion of twelve.

Early experiences with the young owner were distressing. Being twins, we wanted to stay together, but no, that was impossible. We were always at right angles. Naturally, balance gone, down she'd go. Finally she got the idea. In fact, we were rolling downhill in a fine parallel position when—bang—there we were, draped around one of our brothers. By the time we were disentangled and our young owner up on her feet, Dad decided to call it a day, so he dragged his young hopeful home and carried us off to the ski-house.

Soon our little mistress was making great progress with us and even though we often led her off the beaten track, she was quite capable of extricating herself.

One day we visited Mount Tremblant, the highest peak in the Laurentians. It required two hours to haul us up there. Our little mistress sat in a chair suspended high above the ground and we dangled from her feet. Oh dear, how funny we felt. Up, up, up, we went. Finally at three thousand, one hundred feet, we stopped. What a beautiful view!

After enjoying a brief rest, we started downwards. We wound through the trees, through the snow-clad mountains until we reached the bottom all in one piece.

But now our little sport craved new thrills and so we found ourselves behind a team of huskies. But oh, this latter experience was our undoing. The dogs ran so fast that our young mistress lost her grasp of the reins and away we went, at break-neck speed, toward a stump.

The result? Missy's leg now reposes in a cast, and twin and I are in the wood pile. I am afraid

our end is near. In fact, I must close my story now as we are being taken into the house—perhaps to get warm!

JACQUELINE PORTEOUS, Grade XII, Douglas.

### THE STORM AT STOER POINT

The sun rose over the silhouetted pines. The great ball was a coppery, unnatural color and the ominous air hung still, like a thick cloudy curtain, occasionally lifted by a hot, stiff breeze.

Down below, in the little village underneath the cliff, old MacTavish, the fisherman was setting sail on his little schooner. As he stowed the nets he muttered to himself,

"Aye, look a' th' nor'easter cumin' in. We're in fur a bad night o' it, tha's fur sartin'. Look a' th' gorse an' heather a-blowin' in the cliff. A whopper o' a storm, sure an' sartin'!"

He finished his preparations, and soon his boat was seen gliding over the dark waters of the bay like a bird with white wings.

As soon as MacTavish had coaxed the "Bonny Mary" as far as it would go out on the bay, he set out his nets and waited. He was no mean weather prophet. By noon the sun was completely hidden by scurrying clouds and the air was even thicker and heavier than usual. All afternoon, the sky grew darker as the cloud battalions were gathering. By evening the black battalions were lined up and commenced to close ranks. The attack would begin soon.

It did. No later than ten minutes after MacTavish tied "Bonnie Mary" the heavy curtain of humid air was replaced by a heavier curtain of water; a beautiful gray curtain that swayed gracefully as it hung from its dark ceiling of clouds.

The cloud artillery began firing, and the echo of thunder resounded and reverberated far back across the moors. The lightning that followed struck at the earth like a great gold spear, and a gnarled old oak lay on the ground, split open to the very core.

The wind howled mournfully, incessantly, and the rain hissed down making miniature rivers in the ground.

Another crash, another flash. The wind swept the waters of the bay into huge waves, and the black pines on the cliff bent and twisted as if in mortal pain.

The rain poured down, the wind moaned and shrieked alternately, the thunder roared and the little village quaked under the heel of the storm. This went on until well after midnight—then gradually the rain lessened, the thunder grumbled away, and the wind sank to a whisper. The rain drops stopped falling, and one by one the clouds rolled away. The sun burst gloriously into the cleansed sky and the bay rocked itself gently into sleep.

A little breeze sprang up, and the pines gaily waved their furry arms at it. The morning was like a glad song.

Far out upon the bay was a white speck, old MacTavish was setting his morning nets whistling a funny little Scottish tune as he did so.

"Aye, a fine morning; a fine catch!"

MARY MATHERS Grade IX, Douglas Hall



### THE ONLY THING TO FEAR IS FEAR ITSELF

The great shock of President Roosevelt's death has swept over us like a tornado and it has left in its wake a depressed and sorrowing nation. Did I say nation? Well, I meant world, for there is not one human being who does not realize the emptiness left in his heart by the death of this great leader.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was born on January 30, 1882 to a life of ease as far as money matters were concerned. He was born on his father's farm at Hyde Park, New York. James Roosevelt was a successful business man. The boy was educated at home until he was fourteen. Because of Franklin's interest in outdoor life as well as in the management of the farm, he was quick and active with an inquiring mind.

At ten it came time for him to choose the school to prepare him for his life work. Young Roosevelt greatly desired to enter the navy, but, in accordance with the wishes of his father, he went to Groton to prepare for Harvard and eventual legal training.

At college he was noted for his independence which made him stand out from his classmates, and there he laid the foundation of his exceedingly wide range of intellectual interests. Franklin went back to college for a fourth term to graduate with his class and to take graduate courses in government, history and international law. He showed his crusading spirit by a campaign for fire escapes in the dormitories. On leaving the college he entered Columbia Law School. Later, he entered the Law Firm of Carter, Ledyard and Millburn. In 1910 Roosevelt entered upon his political career. After a series of successes and failures in the political section he resumed active partnership in the Law Firm Emmet, Marvin and Borswell in January, 1921.

In the summer of that same year he was stricken with infantile paralysis which prevented any strenuous activity for the next few years. His tenacity and spirit helped him overcome this dread disease in his forties though he was left a cripple. Gamely he fought the disease and after weary discouraging months of treatment, was able to walk with steel braces, then crutches, and finally with the aid of canes. When he became president, he appeared at public functions supported by a military aid or leaning upon the arm of a son. Nevertheless, as he gradually recovered he took great interest in various movements. The famous Roosevelt smile was always ready to flash a welcome to a friend or a challenge to a foe.

His own illness made him greatly interested in the cure of Polio and he established the Warm Springs Foundation to assist those who had been crippled by disease. Two of the president's mainstays during the difficult years of his illness and the stormy presidential period were his wife and his late mother. He saw his wife become a national figure in her own right.

In his first term as Governor of New York State, Roosevelt was successful in establishing the executive control over the budget; in organizing the Power Commission; in establishing several liberal labor measures and in lightening the burden of the farmer. In 1930 he was re-elected to a second term by a strong majority and continued his fight to strength-

en public control over public utilities. In 1932 he was elected by a large majority to the presidency. He took office in the midst of a financial crisis and at one stroke ended the "Laissez-Faire" period of the United States economic history. The tremendous burdens which fell on the president's shoulders before a year of his third term was up failed to shake his supreme confidence and even temper in the face of adversity. His intimates marvelled at his ability to take on new tasks and keep his health. Roosevelt was famous for his "Four Freedoms" which were the foundation for everlasting world neighborliness—freedom of speech and religion and freedom from fear and want.

Despite conflicts and criticisms, the president, with great personal charm and an uncanny ability to fathom the desires of the electorate, obtained vast majority at the polls. This fact not only signified the number of people who had faith in him as a strong political leader but those who also had faith in his overwhelming personality. The third term victory returned Roosevelt to the White House when he was fifty-eight years of age. He had been fifty-one when he first took the presidential oath.

President Roosevelt was connected to Canada not only through his foreign policy to this country but also by his enjoyment of summers spent in our beautiful maritime provinces. He spent many hours on the lakes and ocean around our eastern provinces. We look on this man as a feeler of the things we feel and a lover of the things we love.

But, we must not look back. We must look ahead to a promising future. Now, President Truman has taken over a great task and we, as well as the Americans, will "Pray for him."

HELEN DUNFEE Grade XII, York Hall.

### MY THREE LIVES

In my first life I was a rather disappointing specimen. I was an ugly, but very virtuous spider who lived in a cold, dark cellar. I spun webbs from bottle to bottle and all over the ceiling. It was a dull life, but I was contented with my miserable existence. Every time anyone looked at me they must have screamed and ran, so fear of death was only a minor problem in my life. In the end, my inquisitive mind got the better of me and I drowned exploring a water pipe.

In my second life, I made little progress. It, if possible, was duller than the first. I was a gold fish, but I at least had companions. I was a melancholy creature, with soft round, blinking eyes. Round and round I swam. Oh! What a pointless existence I had! Finally I got so dizzy I just dropped dead and everyone wondered why.

Providence was with me in my third life and at last I achieved man. I became quite an important person and one of the few who had sense to refer back to previous existence and correct mistakes. With wealth and power, I insisted that all Goldfish have square bowls and that spiders should become household pets. I guess I wasn't very popular because angry housewives ganged up on me and put an end to my sympathetic existence.

MARY MacKAY, Grade X, Garry Hall

### BEAVERSKIN, TAILSPIN AND WHISKERS

Once upon a time, many long years ago, there was a lake in northern Ontario called Paraffin Lake. And in this lake there was a beautiful bay, in which there was a magnificent beaver-house with no less than eight stories and with two entrances. And in this house there lived a very old family of beavers. There was Mummy and Daddy Beaver, and they had five children. There were the three eldest children—Beaverskin, Tailspin and Whiskers—and then there were the twins, Paddletail and Waterbaby.

On the day our story opens it was a very nice warm day and nobody felt like going to school, but Mummy Beaver made them go to school. They had to row in a boat to school as the twins were too small to swim all the way, and as they were rowing across the lake, Beaverskin suddenly had an idea. "Let's have a picnic," he said. Whiskers stopped rowing, "What'll we have to eat?" he asked. "Well," said Beaverskin, "well have green pine cones and bulrush cake, and we'll go to that island in the middle of the lake." The twins all this time had been sitting quietly in the bottom of the boat but now they jumped at the idea of a picnic. "But we have to go to school," they chorused. "Well, we'll go after school, of course," said Tailspin.

They now had reached the school. Dr. Moose was urging all the animals to hurry to the classrooms as school was almost beginning.

Dr. Moose began teaching about the lakes around Paraffin Lake. He had said that there were fifteen in all. Suddenly Whiskers was asked, "How many lakes are there around Paraffin Lake?" He did not know what question he had been asked because his mind was on picnics. "Three pine cones," he answered. "What?" stormed Dr. Moose. "Three picnics, sir," said Whiskers quickly. "Whiskers," said Dr. Moose, "you will stay in after school and write out one hundred times there there are fifteen lakes around Paraffin Lake." Poor Whiskers, he did so much count on that picnic and now he wouldn't be able to go.

After school Beaverskin and Tailspin and the twins sat down to think about how they could get Whiskers out of school without Dr. Moose knowing. To make it harder, Dr. Moose always stayed in the classroom with pupils who had to stay in after school. "I've got it," said Beaverskin, suddenly. "What?" said Tailspin. "How to get Whiskers out of school," said Beaverskin. "How?" said Tailspin. "How?" sang out the twins. "Well, now listen, Paddletail, you get to the top of that tall tree and begin to scream as soon as Tailspin and Waterbaby and I get up on top of the roof." Paddletail climbed to the top of the tree and waited until the others had got up on the school roof, then he began to scream, and he certainly made a noise. Dr. Moose came rushing out of the classroom. Then Beaverskin lowered a rope that they had ready, down the chimney into the classroom where Whiskers was working. He saw the rope and a note on the end of it saying, "Climb this rope and come on the picnic with us." So no sooner said than done, he was soon on the roof with his brother and sister.

Meanwhile, Paddletail up on the tree was still screaming his head off, and Dr. Moose quickly brought a ladder and brought Paddletail to the ground. "Where are your brothers and sisters?" he asked. "I don't know," said Paddletail. "Well you'd better run along and find them," said Dr. Moose. "and, by the way, what were you screaming for?" "I couldn't get down," said Paddletail. "Well, why did you get up?" questioned Dr. Moose. "I don't know," said Paddletail. "Well, well," said Dr. Moose, and returned to the classroom, where a great surprise awaited him. Whiskers was gone!

Meanwhile Beaverskin, Tailspin and Whiskers had met Paddletail and Waterbaby and had started gaily off for the picnic, but first they had to go home to get their food. They rushed to the kitchen to ask Mummy Beaver what they could take. "Well," she said, "I think you could have some bulrush cake and some nice green pine cones," "Oh, goody, goody," squealed the twins.

So off they went to the island in the middle of the lake and had a lovely time, but just as they were rowing home who should they see but Dr. Moose in his boat, making for the Beaver house. Catching sight of the Beaver children he quickly changed course and with his long front legs the boat speeded across the water and caught up to the Beavers, who hadn't a word to say. "Come with me," he snorted. When they reached home Dr. Moose trumpeted twice and out ran Daddy Beaver to see what was the matter, and Dr. Moose told him the whole story.

It was a very gloomy nursery in Beaver House that evening.

SUSANNE CHESTER,  
Grade IV, Garry Hall.

### THE STORM

A light fog had settled down upon the dusky city. Through the mist the outline of the bridges took on a fairy-like shape, with their green girders rising high into the air until they were blotted out by masses of moving mist. Tiny droplets of dew clung to the solitary street lights along the road which passed over the bridges. The quiet was deafening; no breath of wind could be felt, nor was there the customary sound of the street car clacking across the neighbouring bridge. Time and life seemed to have stopped, for a few seconds, their mad race into eternity, leaving only the murmur of the murky river lapping against the hidden shore.

Then, slowly, the fog-filled sky assumed a yellowish-black tinge, as if lit from behind the blanket of fog by a powerful lamp. A low rumble came rolling along the river from the west, followed by gusts of wind whinnying as they passed under the bridge, and carrying the fog before them. In the distance a dog, aware of the coming storm, barked mournfully. Everything had become alert and anxious, from the prancing waves on the river to the hustling leaves as they pirouetted down the road, and the upturned leaves on the trees, whispering together and anxiously watching the sky.

Suddenly, it struck; the heavens were ripped jaggedly apart by a mysterious hand, and a lash of lightning streaked down to earth accompanied, a moment later, by a deafening clap of thunder. The rain began to pour down in great drops, polka-dotted the river as it fell. The wind rose madly and joined in the fantastic dance staged by the elements. Every few seconds the lightning flashed, as if it were saying "Look at me, you insignificant people on earth, and see how great and powerful I am!" The tempo of this wild dance increased until everything was noise and frantic whirling; the trees, bending under the wind's might, raised their branches in prayer as they beseeched the storm to end, while the telegraph wires overhead sang in with their plea.

Gradually the whistling air and driving rain died down and the lightning ceased to flash in the sky. The world was returning to normalcy; all that showed what intensity of motion had gripped the earth for a few hours were the bedraggled flowers along the river's bank and the soaking leaves which the trees had hung along their branches to dry. The earth smelled clean and fresh and peaceful, and the now-black sky was sprinkled with quiet, re-assuring stars twinkling down on the world with the wisdom of the ages.

ANN GUTHRIE,  
Grade XI, Garry Hall



## JANIE

Once upon a time there was a young girl who lived all by herself in a small cottage surrounded by a big field with a forest at the end of it. There was a small town about two miles away where the young girl went once a week to buy food and other necessities. She earned five dollars a week by taking care each day of a blind and crippled old woman who lived at the edge of the forest. She was not very rich but she could afford to pay Jane, for that was the girl's name.

Mrs. Woodley offered many, many times to take Jane in and protect her, but Jane said she loved her tiny cottage and wanted to live there as long as she could.

One night, after Jane had gone to bed, a terrible storm broke out. Jane was frightened and worried about what was going to happen, not only to herself, but to poor old Mrs. Woodley. Little Jane did not know what to do: whether to stay in her warm bed or to go and see whether Mrs. Woodley was all right. Finally Jane decided, for she was very unselfish, that she would go to Mrs. Woodley's house. Quickly she slipped into a warm dress, rubbers, hat, coat, and raincape. She ran as fast as she could across the field to the old lady's house. When Jane got there she unlocked the door, for she had a key, and went up to Mrs. Woodley's room. Mrs. Woodley said she was all right but Jane could plainly see that she was overcome with fright. Jane read to her and comforted her until morning when she left Mrs. Woodley to go home. She ran to her cottage but to her fright and dismay it had been burnt to the ground. During Jane's absence at Mrs. Woodley's lightning had struck the cottage and set it on fire. Poor little Jane burst into tears as she watched her beloved little cottage smouldering into ashes, Jane turned, with tear-stained face, and walked slowly back to Mrs. Woodley's. The old lady, who was still awake, tried in vain to comfort the little girl.

Finally, after some persuading, Jane was adopted by Mrs. Woodley. When Jane was in her late 'teens the poor old lady died and Jane was left with Mrs. Woodley's son whom she later married. Some months after Jane had been married a letter came to her saying that a very wealthy uncle of hers had died lately but he had learned of the misfortune to her little cottage. He had not been able to reach her as he had fallen quite ill. During the previous month he had died and left her a sum of eight thousand dollars. Jane was sorry about her uncle's death, but was overjoyed at receiving the sum of money. She and her husband bought a farm and settled down to live. Jane called her first child Mary after poor old Mrs. Woodley who had adopted her.

She and her children and husband lived happily until their death.

BARBARA DRYBROUGH,

Grade VI, Nelson Hall

## FREEDOM OF RIGHTS

Never had so many hated so few for so little reason. However, it was a dire hatred, and the reason—too much homework!

And so it was that in the year of Our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Forty-Five, Riverbend Castle was attacked by a tremendous mob of emaciated scarecrows, their faces haggard from lack of sleep, and wrinkled with lines of worry. No longer could they bear the slights and impositions of the teachers who had told them they might do homework instead of eating.

They had armed themselves with anything handy—some had World Progress, others had yardsticks, and still others had clubbed their notebooks, but all were determined to do or die. They rallied around a group of stalwart youths, who, armed with yardsticks, were trying to gain a foothold on the steps. But time and time again they were forced back by a deluge of books, which poured from a window above.

The howling of the mob was terrible to hear, and the clash of geometry sets, hitting and smashing like grenades was deadening. Above the din a cry was raised continually, "Get the exam papers."

But one figure stood alone undisturbed by this tumult of passion. It was the figure of a girl, calmly manicuring her nails. Only when she heard the mighty roar did she look up. Then she too, brandishing a bottle of purple Cutex above her head, joined the fray. They stormed up the steps of the castle, tearing down signs and breaking in doors. Finally they arrived at a door guarded by a single teacher who eyed them sternly for a moment, then dismayed, hurried into the room. The foremost rebels, rushing in after her, saw her clamber to the bookcase. After repeated attempts to pull her down, they contented themselves with stamping on some notebooks. Then in came a small, stunted individual, who, taking stock of the situation calmly drew a set square from her geometry set, and taking careful aim, she felled her former taskmaster amidst the cheers of her comrades. Then on they rushed. A new cry could be heard now. "Destroy the office—the torture chamber!" Down went the guard at the door, struck by a flying geography text. Soon they were trampling report cards and examination papers.

When all objectives had been obtained, the howling rebels trooped triumphantly out, and each marched to her respective home.

That night there was great rejoicing around a tremendous fire of textbooks, notes, files, and other instruments of torture, and the the carefree ex-pupils danced and capered around it, glorying in their now found freedom.

AUDREY EAST,

Grade X, Nelson Hall

### THE DUMBARTON OAKS PLAN FOR A WORLD ORGANIZATION

In September 1944, in a country estate near Washington, D.C., statesmen of the four United Nations met to discuss a plan for world peace. The details of the outline made at Dumbarton Oaks were debated at San Francisco by delegates of the forty-seven countries which make up the United Nations.

The plan provides for a Security Council, a General Assembly, an International Court of Justice, and an Economic and Social Council.

The most powerful part of the organization will be the Security Council. Britain, the United States, Russia, China, and eventually, France, will have one permanent member each on this Council. The number of members, representing the less powerful nations on the Council, has now been raised from six to nine. These members will not be permanent but will be elected by the General Assembly for two-year terms. The Council will have the power to send out a force to oppose an aggressive army. A member of the Council will have the right to veto any decision made concerning a dispute, except when he is a party in that dispute.

The Assembly of the United Nations will be composed of representatives from every nation. Each member of the Assembly will have one vote to decide questions brought up at the yearly meetings.

The International Court of Justice will advise the Security Council on the legal angle of disputes between countries.

A permanent staff will be appointed to handle administrative affairs, and to carry out the decisions of the Council and Assembly.

The Economic and Social Council will be set up to settle the problems of labor, tariff, education and social welfare. It will have eighteen members chosen by the General Assembly for three-year terms. Besides this Council, smaller councils will be organized for more specific duties. Some of the proposed councils are: The International Labor Organization for the purpose of raising the labor standards of the world; International Monetary Fund to stabilize the relationship between monetary systems of the world; and an International Bank, set up at Bretton Woods, to provide funds for post-war reconstruction. To raise the food and nutrition standards of the world, a United Nations Food and Agriculture Council was organized at Hot Springs in 1943.

If the United Nations continue to support the idea of international organization to end war, the Security Council will be able to stop any aggressor through the military staff committee and international armed forces. The military staff committee will be composed of chiefs of staff of Britain, the United States, Russia, China and France. If a nation claims the right to acquire territory, the Security Council may do three things. First, it may suggest the claim be brought before the Court; then, if it is not settled in this way, the Council may place an embargo on all goods intended for the warring country, and, as a final resort, may order the military staff to resist the aggressor by force. By the use of this method, it is hoped that war will be effectively stopped.

These proposals, of course, do not satisfy every country. Already France, Mexico, Belgium and Holland have issued criticisms, and have suggested amendments to certain clauses. However, at the San Francisco Conference, the United Nations took steps to form a world organization for peace, that must not fail.

KATHLEEN FINLAY,  
Grade XI, York Hall

### VIOLET

The snowflakes all huddled together in the shelter of three big fluffy clouds. The snowflake queen spoke gently to them in her quiet manner, "My children, do not be afraid, for when you get to the earth Mother Nature will welcome you gladly. She will be glad to have a warm blanket to keep all her children warm and snug."

"But", said Snowflake Violet, "This is spring and all the snow flakes that made the big drifts of snow have melted. Surely we too will melt at once. Then we will disappear into the ground and we will not sparkle in the sun as others have done. People will not admire us, and then think how pretty we look. Instead we shall only be slush on dirty streets".

"Do not be too sad my little one", said the kind Queen. "Perhaps you will be a real violet some day. Who knows, you may help some poor little plant to live."

"Oh, I do hope so", cried the little snow-flake eagerly.

Just then one of the cloud guards called out that the big cloud doors would soon open, to let the little snowflakes out on their journey.

"Well good-bye my little snowflakes. Take good care of yourselves, and help Mother Nature as much as you can. She will be very good to you all, and will meet you as soon as you get there." These were the snowflake queen's last words, for the doors opened and out tumbled the snowflakes holding fast to one another. Little Violet held fast to her older sister's hand.

In less than five minutes the snowflakes were all safe in kind Mother Nature's arms. "Oh, I am so glad to see you all", cried Mother Nature. "The cold north wind was here today, and almost froze everything."

Still Violet hung on to her sister's arm. She was not quite so frightened as when she left, but on earth things were so different.

For three days the snowflake lay bright, and shining on the ground. Then, on the fourth day it began to melt. Still Violet held on to snowflake Rose's (her sister) hand. Then together they went into the deep earth.

It was two months since the queen had bid good-bye to her little snowflakes. Yes, this was the first day of June. As the queen looked down she could see many little spring flowers peeking up. She was just sure that one of these was the little snowflake Violet, and she was right! Violet was a real Violet blooming in a pretty green field, with other little violets and buttercups.

BARBARA YOUNG,  
Grade V, York Hall



### ALARM CLOCK BLUES

Yesterday I decided to dissect my alarm clock, that disagreeable instrument of human invention that takes particular joy in rudely awakening me from peaceful slumber in the calm stillness of early morn.

Firstly I gathered my tools about me in an almost professional manner. They looked so competent and proud that I placed my utmost confidence in their ability to perform the delicate operation ahead.

However, you cannot possibly know, unless you have undertaken this experiment yourself, how simple an alarm clock looks from the outside, and how complicated it appears once its facial mask is removed. I stared aghast at the shining pattern of tiny screws and wheels which constituted the time-piece and then, as my astonishment slowly decreased, I began to remove each piece in turn.

After the parts had been systematically extracted and placed carefully in a row by my side, I looked at the empty shell with satisfaction. An alarm clock was not such an impressive thing after all. Surely if it came apart so easily it could be built up again in quite as simple a performance.

So I joyfully started to place its various constituents together in what I thought to be their correct order and position, but alas! I was over-optimistic. When I had it assembled, or so I thought, I found I had seven gleaming objects which refused to find themselves a home.

Indeed, my anxiety to find out what makes an alarm clock "tick" has left me in a very serious predicament, for though I dissected it yesterday, I am still puzzling over how to put it together today.

MARIANNE SAUNDERS,  
Grade XI, Garry Hall

### "I SHALL NOT PASS AGAIN THIS WAY"

An examination paper is a page of printed matter written almost entirely in Greek. At first it looks the same from every angle, but after some little experience (and much hesitation) the student learns to place at the top in block letters a large title which may be found beforehand on any bulletin board. The paper may, of course, be read upside down but translation is apt to be difficult.

The real task then begins. If you are lucky a familiar word may occur in the very first sentence. If, however, you do not see a word you know before the end of the paper, you might just as well stage a coughing fit and go out—this examination is not for you.

By slow degrees we may decipher the contents of the paper. These are known as "questions" and are tagged by Arabic or Roman numerals, or (on English papers) letters of the alphabet. The purpose of these tags has never yet been discovered, and most students disregard them entirely. There is great scope for originality in the arrangement of tags, typical patterns being 2x, 13b, 7m, and so on ad infinitum.

At this point the student should be warned that the examiner often attempts to camouflage questions by means of quotations or little pleasantries, such as: "Why would you like to spend the summer in Tim-

buctoo?" and "Would you be frightened if an ancient Briton dropped in to tea?" However these questions fall into four main categories. First, there is the "discuss" question, which follows the ancient Britons pleasantries, by saying: "Discuss the qualities of ancient Britons in not more than two lines". This may be followed by an "illustrate" question which requests, "Illustrate on the accompanying map with your crayons, the moods and grievances of a Roman rampant". The least common question, however, is the "who" question, which comes straight out in the open and says what it means, "Who was Abdul the Bulbul Ameer"? To which you can write at once, "I don't know," and so waste no further time. The fourth category appears on every examination paper and is known as the "what-a-dirty-trick-she-knew-I-didn't-study-that" question. It should be dealt with accordingly. Never, on any account, attempt to answer straightforwardly.

Here may be noted a few "type" answers, which will do for any question. You may answer, "What happened in June, B.C. 864?" by, "The question is unreasonable and irrelevant and cannot be answered accurately as no first-hand information is available." This cannot possibly be marked wrong. Any answer, of course, can be made correct by prefacing the words, "I think", "It has been said", or, "My opinion is", as these statements cannot be disproved.

In closing I should like to say that I hope these pointers have been of some assistance to you. Refer to them when you feel the need arising.

MARILYN SMITH,  
Grade XI, Garry Hall

### THE LITTLE LOST FAIRY

Once upon a time there was a little fairy family who lived on a cloud. One day the fairy Mother asked the fairy children if they would like to go for a picnic.

"Oh, yes!" cried the children.

So the mother packed the lunch. She packed an acorn shell of nice fresh honey, and many other nice things, and they started on their way. They flew on and on until they came to a little park and there they had their picnic. Soon it began to rain. The little fairies crept under a mushroom and went to sleep. The sun came out and the two big sisters woke up and flew away leaving their little sister behind fast asleep. Soon she woke up, and seeing that her sisters were gone, she tried to get home herself. Alas, she was lost! She asked a squirrel if he knew where her home was, but his cheeks were so full of nuts that he did not answer. She asked a violet, but she was so shy that she just hung her head. She asked a bee but all he said was "I'm too buz—z—y buz—z—y". Finally she sat down and cried. Just then a robin flew down and told her to hop on its back and it would take her home. So she did.

The family was so glad to get her back they invited the robin to come every year as he flew from the south.

NORA ANN RICHARDS,  
Grade III, Douglas Hall

### SUPERSTITIONS

Superstition has long been a subject of much interest to me. People throughout the world persist in believing in age-old fables and customs while at the same time, they scoff at the mere suggestion of any truth being present in superstitions.

Originally, superstition arose from sheer lack of knowledge of the surrounding elements. Primitive man knew very little about the working of natural forces, and as a result, his world was full of mysteries, uncertainties and problems, fully beyond his scope of intelligence. He was forced to take life as it came, and resign himself to complete helplessness, or else to find a clue to the solution of every new mystery confronting him. Thus he came to believe that each event was foreshadowed by a certain sign and that all misfortune could be averted by definite remedies. He believed that all that was required of him was to recognize each different sign and ascertain the proper means to avoid each difficulty.

Today, the general statement is made that the belief in superstition is fast declining. But, although this may be thought true, one should stop and ponder . . . Is it really so, or are several older beliefs merely becoming outdated, while newly invented ones take their places? The latter seems to be a more plausible conception.

An example of a superstition now being lost in antiquity is the idea that if a person spills some salt, the method of ridding himself of an unfortunate result, is to throw some of it over his left shoulder. Many superstitions like these are now being tossed aside, but there are still dozen of others ready to take their place. For instance, I have not yet met a person who has failed to believe that breaking a mirror will bring bad luck. This superstition is not at all ancient, for glass mirrors are of comparatively recent introduction.

However, today, superstitions have taken a much less harmful path than in ancient days. In those times, they were not regarded as off-handedly as now. A cause of much suffering was the belief in witches. It is not so terribly long ago, that a woman could be burned at the stake because people had condemned her as a "wicked witch". The life of a harmless person could easily have been thrown away just because public superstition pointed to the fact that she was a witch. Today, we at least do not put such serious faith in peculiarities. Modern superstition is chiefly harmless eccentricity.

Ancient superstitions have found still another place to wedge themselves into human society. That is, they are now adapted as children's games.

The gesture of handshaking, now a matter of etiquette, can be traced back to magic rites. It was once considered a thing done to prevent evil omens and a performance held to be "magically good". Today it is merely a formality of introduction, or a means of expressing friendly feelings. We are taught from childhood to use the right hand for this purpose. It is perhaps interesting to note that the right hand long ago was held to be the lucky hand, and therefore was the proper hand to offer.

Many of us today, believe strongly in tea-cup reading and in palmistry. Some, it is true, toss it off

with a shrug, but there are others who see truth in such rituals.

Football teams and baseball teams usually have mascots, such as a puppy. They believe in its bringing them good luck and are anxious if it is absent.

I, for one, do not profess to be immune from the horror of breaking a mirror. I am loathe to gaze on the glittering fragments, and for days wander around with my fingers crossed.

Truly, it is amazing when you look around and think of all the things to which superstitions are hinged. Everyone may not believe in any single one, but you can be pretty sure that most of us have our own superstitions. Almost every day one learns of a different belief. To me it is extremely interesting to hear and muse over each new superstition.

SHIRLEY BARTON,  
Grade XII, Nelson Hall

### THE RED CROSS

*He's a Canadian citizen like you or me,  
But in World War I he'd been shot through the knee.  
He knew how the Red Cross had aided him then,  
So into his pocket he reached, once again.*

*He offered his gift when they called at his door,  
It wasn't a lot, and he wished it were more;  
But a great sacrifice was behind that sum;  
He needed a suit—but the Red Cross won.*

*He felt glowing warmth as the canvasser smiled,  
He'd felt that warmth often since he was a child,  
But this time a strange picture loomed up in his  
mind,  
Yet 'tis doubtful he knew how he'd helped mankind.*

*Warm Red Cross wool came from part of that gift,  
It was knit, and then sent to a cruiser adrift;  
Then came a fierce battle, midst islands of snow,  
But our men were warm—they defeated the foe.*

*Fierce battles were raging on land miles away,  
Our troops were victorious, but about wounded lay;  
Blood plasma was given, nurses rolled out gauze,  
This pale man breathed "Thanks pal, for helping  
our cause".*

*That money went further—brought bars and canned  
ham,  
And soap; which were packed up and sent to a man,  
A prisoner in Germany, who smiled and said,  
"Thank God for Red Cross; but for it, we'd be dead".*

*And still there was money that wasn't all gone.  
A thin little Greek girl, with face pained and wan,  
Homeless and hungry, received Red Cross care,  
Which her smile revealed, was an answer to prayer.*

*All this is what one man's donation did do,  
All this is what each of you could do too.  
Ask yourself now "Have I done my best?"  
Your money is needed—Red Cross does the rest.*

MARION BELL,  
Grade XI, Garry Hall.



## AN ADVENTURE IN NATURE

All is silent except for the melodious song of nature. Civilization is exiled from this haven and God is visible in the whispering trees. I ramble over jagged rocks to see His fascinating world from the highest peak. I perceive a chain of lakes linked before my eyes. Irregular bays and inlets complete the beauty and the mystery of this serenity. A feeling of calmness mixed with a tint of curiosity, freedom; the piercing clean scent of pine, the glory of the beauty encamp me. Lure of the unknown arouses my senses to adventure.

As I climb over the cold crags I encounter a steep precipice; below there is the debris washed from the rocks. Spring is only half dressed in her preparation for her summer glory. Once in a while I see a frightened young stag spring through the crackling brambles to escape the harm of man. Disturbed by an unknown noise a maternal groundhog scampers to her shelter between slabs of fallen rock. As I near her home she saucily peeps her tiny rust face to me and with her round black eyes enquires why I am here. I, this strange creature, surely do not live in this wild forgotten land. Only wild creatures who live by the laws of nature roam here. I am an intruder.

I wish I could tell them that I was like Robin Hood, a friend to all creatures of the green forest. If I could tell them that I was not their notorious hunter or butcher, but their friend, who is more lonely than they. I arise to continue my adventure with a sure and experienced foot.

My eyes travel over the uneven rolling rocks. I head towards the opposite side of this rock. I turn my eyes downward to a valley of nondescript beauty. Its power of greatness and noble strength enables it to overcome all humanity. It is still beautiful as a marsh now, but in the midst of summer it will be radiant.

I have wandered over these rocks and valleys all day. I have lingered longer in some places that I might retain their beauty in my memory. The sun is gently falling in the west, spreading a magnificent ribbon of soft purple and rose. Tumbling and playing together, it gradually becomes a royal purple and a misty rose. Silently it glides into another world, very different from ours. Night is creeping over her earth. The white clouds are no longer visible in a bright blue heaven. As night deepens, the glistening stars retake their well-known courses. The sturdy pine trees engrave an awful silhouette against the night.

I return to my little log cabin by the lake side. I prepare my dinner and soon I savagely devour my hot meal with ecstasy. The stone fireplace crackles as the vicious flame ferociously licks the dry wood. I meditate awhile; then I scribble a few lines of unjust description of the beauty of this day. Tomorrow, when night will have been converted into day, I shall no longer be able to enjoy the beauties of nature, but in their place, I shall face the grim realities of life.

MARIE McCRIMMON,  
Grade XII, Douglas Hall

## HOMEWORK

What is it keeps me up at night?  
What is it makes my eyes less bright?  
What is it makes me want to fight?  
Homework.

What is it when the day is done  
And all my scales and trills I've run,  
What is it then that stops my fun?  
Homework.

What is it makes me sit and sigh?  
What is it sometimes makes me cry?  
They'll be sorry when I die  
of Homework.

HELEN EMERSON,  
Grade VIII, Nelson Hall

## SONNET OF A CRUSADER

Life slowly ebbs from my thirsting soul  
As I lie on still, scorching desert sands.  
I'll die ere I reach the holy goal  
For which I've passed through many lands.  
I fear and hate that coming dark steep trail  
Of death, up which I must go ere the night  
Has sped, heralding the rays that hail  
The copper sun. Now I recall the sight  
Of thee; lovely, golden, lady of mine,  
Strengthening, ever inspiring. Thou art  
There waiting. No longer death holds a sting:  
Thou beckon'st me on and in short time  
I'll be there. The way is not far  
My love. Dauntless I come, for angels sing.

SHIRLEY POPHAM,  
Grade XI, Garry Hall.

Riverbenders are just common girls,  
Some have braids, and some have curls,  
The nicest that you'll ever find  
Because they're always very kind.

AMY CAMPBELL,  
Grade VI, Douglas Hall.

## GYPSY LULLABY

The smoke of the campfire is wafting,  
Into the star-lit sky;  
For my dark-eyed baby I'm crooning  
A soft lilting lullaby.  
The tall blue pines are whispering  
And water is drifting by.

Oh, do not listen, my baby,  
To the clash of the tambourine,  
As the dancer twirls to its rhythm  
And the bright sparks leap and gleam,  
But hark to the sound of the water  
Dark swirls that murmur and dream.

Forget the gay songs of the gypsies  
That laugh with a dashing thrill,  
Look where the pale moon is shimmering  
On the sleeping world and still,  
Hear the hoot of a night owl roving  
That echoes from over the hill.

ELLEN KINNEARD,  
Grade XI, York Hall.

## *Languages*

### DIES ROMAE

Marcus et Cornelia pecuniam multam septem dies servaverant ut suos sobrinos in urbe visitare possent. Cum tempus discessus venissent suus pater et sua mater equos et carrum paraverunt et cenam eis fecerunt ut in via cenarent. Marcus togam novam portabat sed Cornelia vestem antiquam portabat quod pecuniam omnem erogaverat ut dona suis sobrinis emeret. Tandem omnia parata erant et pater et mater liberorum, flentes, eis dixerunt "Valete".

Cum liberi in urbe pervenissent avunculus et avuncula obviam eis laete venerunt, et eos ad villam magnam adduxerunt ubi sui sobrini Publius et Secunda expectabant.

Prima nocte omnes ad ludos in Circo iverunt, ubi Publius suum equum electum ad terram ab celerioribus equis iactari vidit. Nihil ei persuadere potuit ut dolorem celaret. Tamen in cursu postero quingentos dollares consecutus est et iterum laetus erat.

Tandem quattuor liberi, defessi sed laeti, ad desideratos lectos, multa nocte, reverterunt.

MARIANNE SAUNDERS,  
JANE BULL.

### UNA NOCHE ENCANTADA

Cuando el grupo de amigos entraron en el restaurant, las luces estaban ofuscadas, la musica estaba suave y un camarero de escasa estatura los conduco a una mesa cerca del patio.

Pancho, un hombre muy alto y rubio, mando al camarero unas tortillas para su querida Teresa. Ricardito mando tambien para su Maruja y para si unas torrijas. Para beber los cuatro amigos quisieron tomar y Coca-Cola".

Esperando la vuelta del camarero, Pancho dijo a Teresa. - Quiere usted bailar? La musica esta muy buena.

Los dos bailaron felizmente por la turba y salieron en el terrado oscuro, debajo de los arboles.

Pancho venio muy cerca de ella y le cuchicheo en la oreja. - i Yo te amo mucho, mucho, muchisimo! Quiere usted casarme? Teresa le cuchicheo a él. - i Ye te amo mucho, mucho tambien y para toda mi vida! Y le dio a él un beso en los labios.

Despues de un poco tiempo los dos volvieron y Teresa les mostro felizmente una sortija a sus amigos.

Cada uno levantaron sus vasos de "ron y Coca-Cola" y les dieron a ellos much felicidad.

ELLEN KINNEARD, JOCELYN WILLIAMS,  
York Hall.

### MON CHAT

Mon chat est noir et blanc. Il aime le lait. Ses pattes sont douces. Il joue avec un morceau de papier attaché à une ficelle. Le chien Cookie est l'ami du chat. L'autre jour il était malade. Mais il va bien maintenant.

ANNIE LOU ORMISTON,  
Grade V, York Hall.

### SKIZZE EINER VERLORENEN DEUTSCHEN STUNDE IM NAHZIMMER

Mrs. Jones: Wo ist Isobel?

Shirley: Isobel kann wieder ihr Buch nicht finden.

Mrs. Jones: Roberta, Sehen Sie, wo sie ist, aber stören Sie Miss Carter nicht.

Nach fünf Minuten kommen beide zurück.

Mrs. Jones: Nun werden wir die Hausarbeit korrigieren.

Isobel: Ach, Mrs. Jones, ich war gestern nicht hier, und niemand hat mir gesagt, was wir tun sollen.

Mrs. Jones: Nun gut, dann schreiben Sie alles an die Tafel.

Shirley: Es ist wieder keine Kreide hier.

Mrs. Jones: Haben wir sie nicht in der Nähmaschine versteckt?

Roberta: Ja, aber sie ist schon wieder verschunden ich hole welche. (geht hinaus)

Mrs. Jones: Isobel, was heisst auf Deutsch: I am hungry and thirsty.

Shirley (für Isobel antwortend): Ich bin hungrig und durstig.

Isobel: Ich . . . danke.

Roberta kommt mit der Kreide zurück. Jemand klopft an die Tür. Es ist Mrs. Sadler.

Mrs. Sadler: Entschuldigen Sie, Mrs. Jones, sind einige meiner Schülerinnen zum Seilspringen hier?

Mrs. Jones: Nein, nein, nein!

Mrs. Sadler geht kopfschüttelnd weg.

Da ist wieder ein lauter Krach an der Tür. Es ist die Putzfrau, die mit Eimer und Tuch einen grossen Lärm macht.

Mrs. Jones (auf die Uhr sehend): Nun ist es gerade noch Zeit, für unser Gedicht. Sagen wir es zusammen! men!

"Du bist wie eine Blume.

So hold und schön und rein.

Ich schau dich an, und Wehmut

Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

"Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände

Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt,

Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte,

So rein und schön und hold."

ROBERTA BRINGHURST.

ISOBEL SLATER.

SHIRLEY SWAIL.

### MES ANIMAUX FAVORIS

J'ai quatre animaux, un chien, une chatte, un serin, et un poney. Le poney est mon animal favori. Il a le poil noir et une crinière belle et soyeuse. Il a de grands yeux bruns et il est très intelligent. Il me regarde toujours et il me demande un morceau de sucre qu'il aime. Je monte sur mon poney tous les jours; il va au galop et au petit trot.

J'aime mon chien aussi et nous jouons dans le jardin. Il fait beaucoup de tours. La chatte et le chien sont de bons amis mais je ne peux pas dire la même chose de ma chatte et de mon serin. Le serin chante si doucement surtout quand nous écoutons la radio.

CECILY ANN GUNN,  
Grade VI, Garry Hall.



## LA SOURIS

Je suis souris. Je m'appelle Pierre. Je suis gris avec la queue longue. J'ai des moustaches longues aussi.

J'ai cinq soeurs et trois frères. Je demeure dans la maison du fermier Brown. Monsieur Brown a un chat. Je n'aime pas le chat parce qu'il a attrapé un de mes frères. Un autre frère est attrapé dans une souricière. Je n'aime pas Monsieur Brown. Il est très méchant pour les souris. Un jour mon père a attrapé sa queue dans la souricière. Maintenant il a la queue courte.

Quelquefois Monsieur Brown met du fromage dans la souricière. J'aime le fromage mais je ne l'aime pas quand il est dans la souricière.

DIANA TURNER,  
Grade VII, York Hall.

## LE VILLAGE

Hier je suis allée au village avec ma mère, et ma petite soeur. Nous sommes parties à dix heures. Nous avons pris un tramway, et à dix heures et demie nous sommes arrivées au village.

Il y avait beaucoup de monde au village. Les magasins étaient très gais. Nous sommes allées à la boucherie. Ici nous avons acheté de l'agneau et du veau. J'aime la viande beaucoup.

Ensuite nous sommes allées à la boulangerie. Ici ma mère a acheté du pain.

A midi nous sommes allées manger à un petit café. J'ai commandé du café et du gâteau. Ma petite soeur a pris du lait et du pain, et du beurre. Ma mère a commandé du café et du gâteau.

Ensuite, nous sommes allées au cinéma. Nous avons vu un nouveau film. J'ai ris beaucoup.

A cinq heures maman a pris un taxi, et nous sommes rentrées à la maison. Nous étions très contentes de notre journée.

MARGARET JAN,  
Grade VIII, York Hall.

## CE QUE J'AIMERAIS ETRE

J'aimerais être garde-malade parce que les garde-malades sont maintenant les plus en demande de toutes les autres professions. On a besoin d'elles pour soulager les malades et les blessés dans notre pays et dans les pays étrangers. Après la guerre il y aura un grand besoin des garde-malades pour travailler à la réhabilitation en Europe. Elles sont recherchées aussi ici au Canada et aux Etats-Unis. Les docteurs ont besoin de garde-malades pour assister au bien-être des gens. Être une garde-malade c'est d'être dans une profession honorée et je pense que tout le monde qui est adapté à ce travail devrait s'y entraîner maintenant!

JANE VERNON,  
Grade IX, Nelson Hall.

Miss Baker (misquoting Churchill): I looked again at the big, broad feet beneath me.

## UN JOUR A LA CAMPAGNE

Robert était très content la journée qu'il est allé visiter son grand-père et sa grand-mère à la campagne. Le ciel était bleu et clair et le soleil brillait. Robert aime la campagne alors il était excité quand le temps est venu de partir. Il a acheté un billet d'aller et retour au guichet et il s'est embarqué pour attendre le départ du train. Le train a quitté la gare pour la petite ville de Perpignon à sept heures du matin et il est arrivé à huit heures et demie. Le grand-père et la grand-mère de Robert l'ont rencontré à la gare et ils sont allés tout de suite à la petite maison blanche sur la colline.

Robert n'avait pas sommeil après son voyage et alors il a commencé à regarder autour de la ferme. Le jardin de légumes était très grand et il y avait déjà beaucoup de légumes. Robert a commencé à avoir faim mais il a trouvé le tout très intéressant et il aimait pas partir même pour le déjeuner.

Après un bon repas il est allé voir les chevaux. Robert s'est promené à cheval beaucoup et son grand-père l'a laissé se promener sur un cheval qui s'appelait "Etoile".

Alors son grand-père lui a montré les poules et les poussins et Robert a nourri les poules de morceaux de pain. Il est allé voir la rivière; il s'est promené à travers les arbres le long du rivage. Elle était très belle et il n'y avait pas de vagues. A six heures Robert a mangé son souper et à sept heures il est parti pour la gare. Il a regretté de quitter la campagne mais avec une promesse de revenir, le train est parti pour Paris.

A neuf heures moins un quart il est arrivé à la gare de Paris. Quand il est arrivé à sa maison Robert a dit à sa mère comme il s'était amusé pendant la journée qu'il avait passée avec son grand-père et sa grand-mère dans la campagne.

JUNE BAKER,  
Grade VIII, Nelson Hall.

## CE QUE J'AIMERAIS ETRE

Si je pouvais être ce qu'il me plaît, je voudrais être un ruisseau. Ma source serait au milieu de grandes montagnes où il y a de beaux lacs. Je courrais en une cascade à l'intérieur d'une ténébreuse forêt. Des peupliers et des chênes pendraient sur mes eaux étincelantes où le soleil brillerait parmi les branches noires. Dans les coins des rochers beaucoup de poissons délicieux nageraient. Sur les rives on trouverait souvent quelques pêcheurs qui tâcheraient de les attraper. Après avoir traversé la forêt je viendrais à un village. Ici je deviendrais deux plus petits ruisseaux. Dans l'un, de petits bateaux vogueraient au zéphyr et beaucoup de petits garçons se promèneraient dans l'eau qui viendrait jusqu'aux genoux. Après un voyage d'environ vingt kilomètres cette partie de moi se perdrait dans un marais.

L'autre branche s'en irait du côté opposé. Elle irait sous un pont où il y a deux personnes qui sont amoureuses. Quelle belle vue! Un peu plus loin je m'approcherais d'une ferme où se trouveraient des canards et d'oies. Aussi il y en a une douzaine qui nageraient sur les petits flots. Au bout d'un tournant il y aurait une plage où bien des gens passent le temps à lire et à se coucher sur le sable d'or. Des gamins joueraient avec leurs pelles et leur seaux. Après plus d'aventures que je ne puis vous raconter, je finirais par entrer dans la mer.

SHIRLEY DAWSON,  
Grade X, Garry Hall.

## UN ACCIDENT

L'été passé mes parents ont décidé d'aller en Angleterre. J'étais très heureuse et j'ai commencé à faire mes projets pour le voyage tout de suite. J'ai persuadé mes parents de permettre à mon amie de venir avec nous.

En juillet nous nous sommes embarqués à Montréal. Mon amie et moi sommes restées debout à la barre à regarder le coucher du soleil. C'était la première fois que nous voyagions sur un grand bateau et nous étions toutes fières. Près de nous, il y avait une dame âgée habillée de bleu pale et un homme portant un chapeau haut de forme. Mon amie portait un parapluie et quand nous sommes parties, le parapluie a emporté le porte-monnaie de la dame âgée.

Nous n'avons pas vu le porte-monnaie jusqu'à ce que nous soyons arrivées à notre cabine. Cet accident est arrivé le premier jour. Si nous l'avions rendu elle aurait pensé que nous l'avions volé. Donc nous avons décidé de le cacher dans la cabine de la dame âgée, quand elle sortirait. J'ai surveillé dans le corridor pendant que mon amie est allée dans la cabine et elle a mis le porte-monnaie dans sa valise. Le jour suivant la dame âgée a couru au capitaine et lui a dit "Regardez, j'ai trouvé mon porte-monnaie dans ma valise." Mon amie et moi l'ont regardée heureuse. Nous avons espéré que le reste du voyage passerait plus tranquillement.

EILEEN ELLIOTT,  
Grade XI, Nelson.

## LA FIN D'ENCORE UNE ANNÉE D'ÉCOLE

Encore une fois les jours ont passé très vite, et nous sommes à la fin d'encore une année d'école. Malheureusement c'est la dernière année de ma vie que je passerai à l'école.

Je suis allée à quatre écoles différentes pendant ma vie mais je n'ai jamais joui de deux années à une école plus que les deux années à l'école Riverbend.

A cette école j'ai trouvé beaucoup de mes meilleures amies et des amies que j'espère avoir jusqu'à la fin de ma vie.

J'ai appris et j'ai compris exactement ce que les mots "coopération" et "esprit de corps" vraiment veulent dire.

Quand je quitterai l'école j'emporterai beaucoup de mémoires heureuses avec moi, des mémoires que je cherirai toujours.

Je raffole des professeurs et surtout de Mademoiselle Carter. Elle a été comme une mère pour moi et je suis sûre que toutes les autres jeunes filles sont de mon avis.

Tout ce que je peux dire avant de partir c'est que j'espère que toutes les autres jeunes filles qui iront à Riverbend paurront pendre autant de plaisir à étudier à cette école et auront des mémoires aussi heureuses que j'en ai eu.

BEVERLY FROST,  
Grade XII, Garry Hall.

## RIDING 1944-45

Although riding has been a minor sport in school activities this year, it has been thoroughly enjoyed by those who participated. The riders mounted at Cambridge stables Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. At first the class was accompanied by a groom, but in the latter part of the season, when hearts had grown braver, the class ventured out alone. Trains and strange horses were encountered, adding to the thrills of the ride—and the dismay of the girls. However the riders have agreed that it was well worth the cold walks in winter and the puddle jumping in spring, to mount their steeds and be off! . . . And I do mean off!

MARION ANDERSON,  
Grade X, Nelson Hall.

Linda: I shot my dog.

Donna: Was he mad?

Linda: Well, it didn't seem to exactly please him.

\* \* \*

Mr. Bancroft: You have ruined my life by a misprint in my article.

Marianne: I'm very sorry, Mr. Bancroft, what did I get wrong?

Mr. B.: A proverb I used. You printed "a word to the wife is sufficient."

\* \* \*

Marguerite: My cat knows as much as I do.

Caroline: Don't tell anyone, and you may be able to sell him after all.

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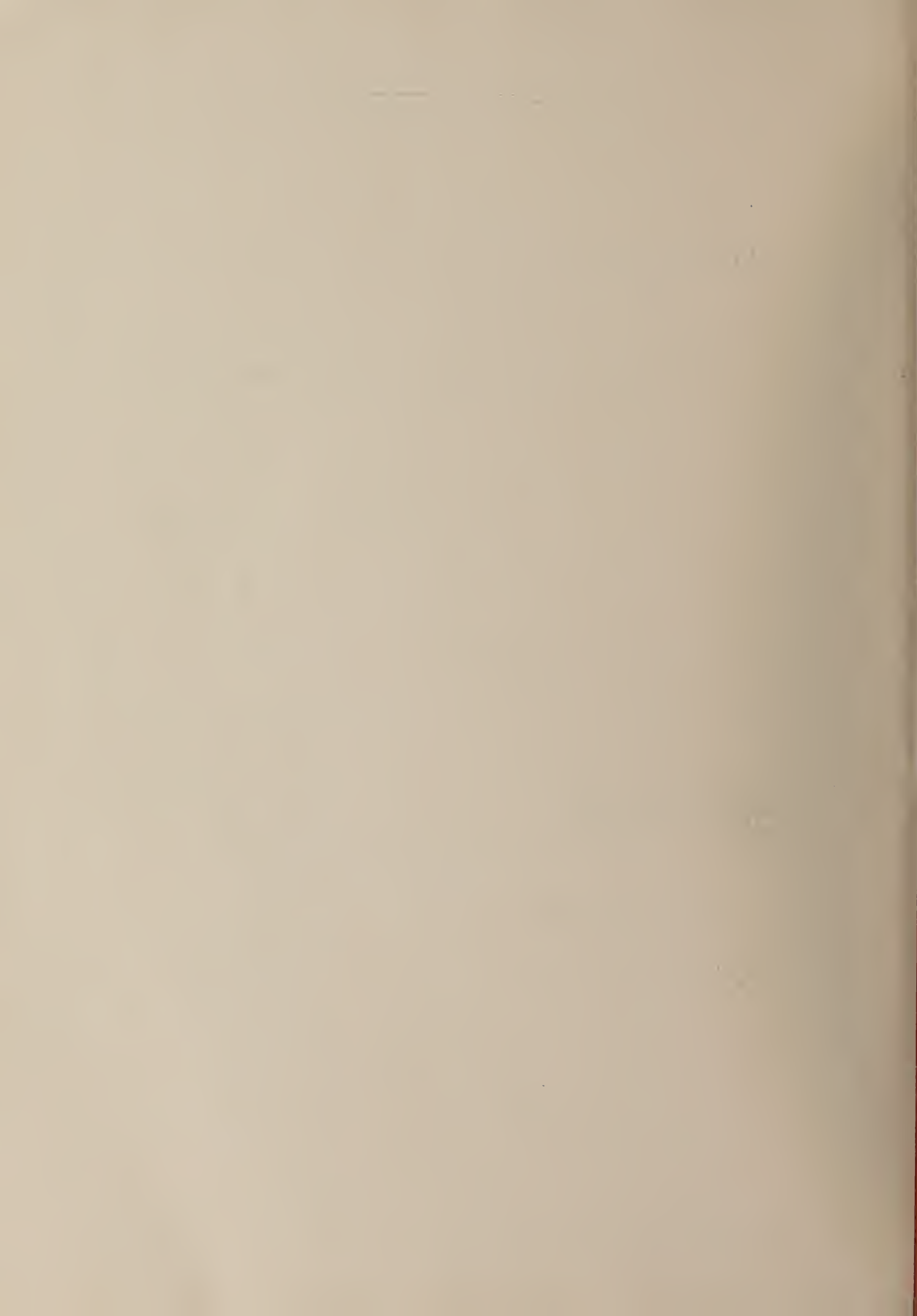
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